

The Listener

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New Year 1959: a drawing by A. R. Harrison

Views and Memories at Eighty. By E. M. Forster

'La Bella Bona Roba': a poem by Dame Edith Sitwell

The Magnanimity of Queen Elizabeth I. By Sir John Neale

'A Touch of Autumn in the Air': a short story by Seán O'Faoláin

Russian Painting on exhibition in London: a review by Alan Clutton-Brock

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Are Electoral Bargains Disreputable?

By H. G. NICHOLAS

IT has been said that 'there are two ways of losing a war—the first is to be defeated by the enemy, the second is to be victorious with allies'. Most of us, at one time or another, have endorsed this sour verdict. And in the never-ending warfare of politics similar sentiments in more or less unprintable versions have been current ever since parties and party alliances began. 'England does not love coalitions'. The sentiment permeates the terminology of our politics. How evocative of the manly virtues is the phrase 'a straight fight'. How implicitly nefarious the 'splitting of the vote'. What a wealth of contempt was packed into the phrase 'the coupon election'. Party, straightforward, honest, unadulterated party, standing for what it believes in, indulging in no deals, pacts, bargains, or alliances, fighting without fear or favour—this is the image the country likes to entertain, this is how the organized standard-bearers of British politics have always liked to represent themselves.

The facts, however, are rather different. Since 1914, twenty-one out of forty-four years of our public life have seen governments resting upon professed coalitions. In addition between the wars two brief Labour governments maintained themselves in office only by favour of Liberal votes or Liberal abstentions. Nor is this a peculiar twentieth-century phenomenon. Victoria's reign is often remembered for the alleged clear-cut conflict, first between Whig and Tory and then between Liberal and Conservative; but the period from 1846 to 1865 was perhaps the heyday in modern British history of the politics of shifting groups and uneasy alliances, two decades when the House of Commons looked and behaved more like the French Chamber than ever

before or since. During the half-century that followed, the pursuit of alliances and counter-alliances was avidly sustained, with the rise first of the Irish and then of the Labour Party, not to mention minor groupings like the Liberal Unionists and the Liberal Imperialists. How does this accord with the alleged national addiction to the two-party system, government and opposition, 'ins' and 'outs'? And how did it survive the working of an electoral system designed to magnify majorities and penalize third parties?

The truth is that so little was the duel to the death the tradition of British politics that even after the Great Reform Bill contested elections were comparatively rare. His Whig and Tory rulers were so far from offering the British voter a clear-cut choice that in a majority of constituencies they avoided offering him a choice at all. In 1841, for example, the year which saw Peel's great reforming administration 'swept' into office, electoral contests occurred in only about 190 constituencies out of 401, and in 1847, the year after Peel's overthrow, the figure was even lower. Most constituencies, in other words, settled on their representatives by bargains reached before the poll. They did so for two good reasons—from the electors' point of view because local feeling dictated loyalty to the sitting member, and from the member's point of view because a contested election was an expensive, perhaps ruinously expensive, affair. And in fact the Reform Bill, by leaving intact so many two-member constituencies, provided a perfectly adequate basis for the 'deal' which was normally required to preserve the *status quo*. The deal was, of course, an agreement to share the two seats between the

two parties. Sometimes pride or partisanship stood in the way of an early compromise, with the result that a contest might be held and one party might sweep the board. Even then all was not lost. A loser might still threaten to petition, and the cost of fighting a petition to unseat—even an unsuccessful one—might frighten all but the wealthiest into withdrawing in the face of the threat and agreeing to a division of the spoils.

This agreeable edifice of live and let live rested on two pillars, a local aristocracy and a decentralized politics. Undermine the dominance of the first and substitute for the second national issues and national party organizations, and you bring the structure tumbling to the ground. When it ceases to be Fizkin *versus* Slumkey, or even the Buffs *versus* the Blues, and becomes '—ism A' *versus* '—ism B', then it obviously becomes obligatory to carry the war into innermost recesses of the enemy's camp and to give the voters even in the safest of your opponents' seats the chance to cast a vote for light as against darkness, the true against the false. So by degrees the principle gains currency that a true national party is one which contests, or tries to contest, all constituencies, to bring the gospel to all the voters everywhere.

The corollary of this is an electoral system which permits voters everywhere to register a vote that counts for something. In Britain, however, the advent of national parties and mass democracy coincided with a movement in the opposite direction. In vain did the ingenious Mr. Hare elaborate his scheme for proportional representation; in vain did the apprehensive John Stuart Mill endorse it. The Second Reform Bill made only one half-hearted experiment in that direction—the concession of three seats each to Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, a concession which the Birmingham caucus quickly reduced to nonsense by its brisk and efficient marshalling of the voters under its slogan of 'vote as you're told'. In 1885 not only was this innovation discarded but even the old-standing two-member boroughs came under fire. Henceforward the single-member borough was the norm: although a few two-member boroughs lingered on for a while, the last of these anomalies was extinguished in 1948.

The Two-member Constituency

What did this process mean for a new or third party? To find out we have only to look at the role of the two-member constituency in the establishment, at the turn of the century, of the Labour Party. In their recently published book, *Labour and Politics, 1900-1906**, Mr. Frank Bealey and Mr. Henry Pelling tell the revealing story of the negotiations between Ramsay MacDonald and Herbert Gladstone, the Liberal chief whip, which culminated in the electoral bargain struck in 1903. At the time the bargain served the purposes of both parties. It enabled the Liberals as well as Labour to win seats in 1906 that they would otherwise have lost. But we can now see that its main significance was long-term, in providing the sizeable wedge by which Labour inserted itself into Westminster. At the time both party chiefs needed little or no persuasion to see the mutual advantage that the *entente* offered; the problem was to get the constituency organizations to see it too. It was the old problem of the party militants—how to induce them to put the gospel into cold storage, so to say, with the assurance that it would emerge fresher and more potent than ever in the long run.

The problem is obviously enormously simplified if the zeal of the evangelist can be channelled, temporarily, into another course. This was exactly what the two-member constituency made possible; MacDonald and Gladstone had before them a striking example in the borough of Derby, where in 1900 one of the first Labour members, Richard Bell, had won a seat for himself. In this two-member constituency Labour and Liberals had combined against the Conservatives. They agreed to cast no votes against each other; Labour supported Labour; Liberal supported Liberal, with the result that each party elected its man. The Derby formula, as it was called, allowed a considerably more extensive share-out of seats in 1906 than would otherwise have been possible. Of the twenty-nine Labour Representation Committee members who were successful, twelve were returned for double-member constituencies. This helped to reduce the number of constituency associations, who had to be persuaded by MacDonald or Gladstone to sit on their hands or, worse still, toil

for their ally; instead there could be a division of the fighting front and every militant could find a place along his own battle line.

Nineteen-forty-eight, as I say, put an end to this particular basis for electoral alliances, but recent elections have shown a pale relic of it still surviving in cases where, in place of a two-member constituency, you have the next best thing: a two-constituency town. At Huddersfield an arrangement was reached in 1950 between Conservatives and Liberals. Tories agreed not to fight the West Division and the Liberals not to fight the East. In 1951 the 'Huddersfield formula' was extended to Bolton, which lent itself to a similar division, and also to Dundee where, however, the results were not as satisfactory as the organizers hoped. Peculiar local circumstances apart, such arrangements are practicable because they can be made with little or no quenching of the zeal of local militants, who can often be diverted to another division in their home town when they might not so readily accept the abandonment of the local connexion altogether.

Team Spirit

Such factors may seem trifling or inconsiderable, but only if you forget the considerable part which mere team spirit plays in politics. In all constituencies much of the hard grind of party organization is done by workers with little or no interest in the issues and arguments of politics. So far from weakening their attachment to the cause, this often purifies and intensifies it. Unworried by criticism of the party's record or programme, they give to it the kind of uncritical loyalty that they might give to a football team. It is their side, to be supported and cheered on all occasions.

For these people, no less than for those whose devotion proceeds from a strong faith in party principles or programme, defeat is better than compromise. To such persons 'the party', win or lose, represents an absolute value, and an election fight is for them robbed of none of its attractions by the certain knowledge of defeat. As soon give up backing Oxford in the boat race. However, to the professional politician, organizer or candidate, M.P. or party leader, things look different. Here the game is played to win—the romance of defeat is lost in the misery of exile. This is the level at which, with no particular cynicism, the old maxim of the Indiana Senator takes on the aspect of a truism, 'If you can't beat 'em, jine 'em'; and 'going it alone' is a motto reserved for fine weather days. In the party duopoly of Britain, this attitude is modified by the awareness that, given time, the pendulum will always swing and the opposition without making any very special efforts can eventually count on changing places with the government. This undoubtedly stiffens the attitude of the 'outs' to approaches from third parties who might help them to climb back to power; they know they do not need to climb; there is an escalator.

Essential Compromise

Elsewhere (and at times in Britain too) the professional recognizes that compromise is essential. He knows how seldom any party, however successful, realizes all its aims, how seldom the steam-roller takes even the victor where he wants to go. So by training and temperament he is likely to be more willing to consider pragmatically the virtues of party alliances and coalitions. This is why as a general rule party bargains can more easily be struck at the centre, among the leaders, than at the periphery, in the constituencies. 'If I had the power and authority', said Herbert Gladstone, 'I have no doubt that I could come to terms with the leaders of the Labour Party in the course of half a morning. . . . The difficulty lies in the constituencies'. And when the terms of the Liberal-Labour agreement were arrived at, they had to be kept secret from the rank and file of both parties; when the time to implement them came, it was indeed in the constituencies that most trouble arose.

Since 1906, politics has become, at least in form, so much more democratic that it is hard to imagine a Gladstone-MacDonald *entente* being worked out in similar secrecy today. For all the 'dictation' of party central offices it is doubtful whether, in any party, constituency organizations would accept the sort of 'cease and desist' orders that Gladstone and MacDonald

sent out so imperiously to some of their lieutenants. Since Suez indeed we have been seeing constituencies trying to be *plus royaliste que le roi*. Many have applied more severe sanctions to M.P.s they suspected of flirting with the Opposition than the headquarters itself would have wished them to do. To this extent the party leaders of today have truly become the prisoners of the integrated and disciplined national organizations they have created and of the partisan public opinion which supports them. When, in the very different circumstances of 1931, an older MacDonald felt that the national interest required another *entente*, he had to achieve it not by any substantial withdrawal of candidatures, but by the virtual submersion of two of the so-called 'national' parties in the third.

In Europe the party alliance occupies a far more honoured and assured place. There one cannot find a single democratically elected government which does not rest upon some form of party alliance. Electoral systems have traditionally been designed on the assumption that elections will involve party alliances and frequently the law provides devices like the second ballot in the Fifth Republic in France to give the elector a share in the bargaining process, to enable him, in effect, to share out the seats among the allies. From 1951 to 1958 under the Fourth Republic the law specifically recognized party alliances or *apparentements*: within a general framework of proportional representation national parties which formed alliances enjoyed a special advantage. Any alliance that won an absolute majority of votes gained all the seats. The principal object of the arrangement was to benefit the centre parties and to penalize the extremists who, being without allies, would be excluded from the advantages of the arrangement. Behind this unconcealed objective, however, there lay a certain justification in democratic theory—the idea that a party so rigid

and totalitarian that it will have no dealings with its rivals can legitimately be excluded from the benefits which accrue to parties united by a willingness to make the Republic work. More simply, the ability to make alliances is one manifestation of the willingness to compromise which is essential for the working of democracy.

If this is so, how should we account for the feeling which seems to persist in most democracies that party alliances and electoral *ententes* are somehow disreputable? I think the main reason is that whereas parties are organisms that have grown up to serve, in the eyes of their supporters, a variety of purposes, alliances are fabricated generally for one object only—to defeat the Communists, or to stabilize the pound, or to preserve free trade. In other words one item has been selected by the leadership out of the parties' range of objectives and made the momentary be-all and end-all. Some of the party rank and file may accept this priority; some, perhaps many, will not. On each side of the alliance the feeling will develop that the party's permanent character is being distorted for ephemeral ends. The elector will ask himself: 'Once the Communists have been defeated or the pound stabilized or free trade preserved, what then?' If the alliance seeks to provide too explicit an answer it will run the risk of foundering by provoking argument and disagreement between its members; if it ignores it, the suspicion will grow that each side is using the *entente* for covert purposes of its own, putting something over on its ally and on the electorate. In other words, whereas a healthy party rests upon a relationship of trust between leaders and led built up over the years of their association, an alliance is an artificial structure. It is necessarily the contrivance of a minority. It is always having to be tested afresh for assurance as to the load it can be relied upon to carry.—*Third Programme*

Mr. Mao Tse-tung's Retirement

By GEOFFREY HUDSON

MR. MAO TSE-TUNG'S impending retirement from the office of Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic has now been officially confirmed in Peking, but not officially explained. It is natural to ask why he has taken this step but any attempt to give an answer raises the further question: is this office one of real importance or is it one that could be turned over to somebody else without making any significant difference to the holding of power in Communist China? If it is a position of importance, then it cannot simply be said that Mao is giving it up because it involves some tiresome minor duties and he wants more time to concentrate on questions of high policy.

The office of Chairman of the Republic is both legally and in fact a key position in the Chinese Communist political system. In this matter one should not be misled by analogy with the Soviet Union. In Russia the head of the state is the chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet but he has no real power. In China the head of the state, that is to say the Chairman of the Republic, does have great power from his office; he can summon and preside over the two highest policy-making organs of the state—the so-called State Conference and the National Defence Council. These bodies can give directives to the Prime Minister and other Ministers who form the State Council—roughly the equivalent of the Cabinet in our system. Thus in China the head of the state has more power than the Prime Minister.

Mr. Mao Tse-tung is at present Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic, while Mr. Chou En-lai is Prime Minister. But Mao is also, in form as well as in fact, the leader of the Communist Party; he is Chairman of the party's Politburo. Over and above these offices which he holds he has an unchallenged personal authority and prestige, because he is the founder of the régime in China, the man who brought the party to power, as Lenin did in Russia. Today, indeed, he is not only without a

rival inside China, but exerts a powerful influence throughout the Communist world—an influence which often seems to run counter to the views and wishes of Moscow. But, just because he has such an overwhelming authority, there is the danger that the régime might fall into confusion if he were suddenly to be removed from the scene. It is reasonable to suppose that he must be concerned about the question of succession to his leadership, and may want to discard one of his offices to someone else younger than himself, who would thus become a kind of crown prince or heir apparent with an obvious claim to the succession.

In other words, he can hand over the position of head of the state to someone he wants to be his successor, while still retaining for himself the leadership of the party. This seems to me the most likely explanation of what he is now doing, especially as his current term of office as Chairman of the Republic will shortly expire.—*From a talk given in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*



Mr. Mao Tse-tung at a rally in Peking in October, to celebrate the ninth anniversary of the founding of the Chinese People's Republic

The Pound Sterling and Convertibility

By MICHAEL SHANKS

WHY should convertibility be so important? First, it is a matter of prestige, a demonstration of confidence in sterling; it is a sign that the dollar shortage is at last over, if people can be allowed freely to change pounds for dollars without causing a run on sterling. It means that the pound is as good as the dollar.

Then it will also help the City of London in its capacity as banker of the world. Foreigners will be more willing to keep their money in London if they know they can take it out whenever they want to—and if they do keep more money in London it will help our balance of payments. Sterling finances about half the world's trade: so anything which makes sterling more freely convertible should help to expand world trade. Finally, convertibility will help to break down the economic obstacles dividing Canada as a dollar country from the rest of the Commonwealth.

There is, of course, a reverse side of the medal. Convertibility is a risk, though it is a risk which the British Government is clearly now prepared to take; and, incidentally, the objective of convertibility was endorsed by the whole Commonwealth as recently as the Montreal Conference this autumn. But it does mean that the possibility of foreigners speculating against the pound is increased. If foreigners want to hold more of their money

in London in good times, they will be quick to take it out again if they lose confidence in sterling—and this could cause a nasty balance of payments crisis. Governments in all the countries of the sterling area will have to take this danger much more into account in future when planning their economic policies, which may or may not be a good thing.

But for the time being the biggest impact of the changes will be felt in Europe. At present the European countries conduct their financial relations with each other through a system known as the European Payments Union, or E.P.U., under which countries settle their accounts with one another on a monthly basis. Under the E.P.U. a great deal of European trade is done on credit, and debtor countries are given very lenient terms. But this system is impossible to operate if some of the currencies involved are convertible and some are not; and as a result it has now been declared defunct. It will be replaced by a new system worked out in 1955, known as the European Monetary Agreement. The main point about this new system is that credit will no longer be given automatically to debtor countries, and they will have a tougher time. The main debtor country in Europe is France: so this again explains General de Gaulle's anxiety to put France's financial house in order.

—From a talk in the General Overseas Service

General de Gaulle's Drastic Programme

By NICHOLAS CARROLL

FRANCE'S drastic financial programme announced by her President, General de Gaulle, fitting as it does into a wide-ranging European currency reform, is bringing 1958 to a memorable close. The whole complex of financial changes, involving ten countries, is a notable landmark in Western Europe's post-war story; it may well mean the start of a new phase in European unification.

But the world's attention has naturally focused on France, whose measures have as great a political significance as financial. The French programme is, to say the least, startling; it includes devaluation by 17½ per cent., and a budget of unprecedented severity which spells considerable hardship for most Frenchmen; and it includes, too, plans for freer trade which have exceeded the highest expectations of economic commentators. Not less startling is the manner of its launching by General de Gaulle in a kind of battle-call to the nation. Few of us who heard the General's vibrant voice, and who have a love for France and her history and traditions and value her as a potentially great member of the free world, can fail to have been deeply moved by the strength of his determination, by his manifest pride in his country, and his faith in her destiny. When he called on Frenchmen for a great effort of renewal, his cry must have rung stirringly in Frenchmen's ears.

For the past thirteen years France has been a weak, unreliable, unstable partner in the Western alliance, despite her great internal wealth. Frequently she was without a government at moments when vital decisions had to be taken by Western leaders; financially mismanaged, her people victims of a mounting spiral of inflation; suffering appalling losses of men, material, money, and international prestige, first in the Indo-China war, then in the Algerian war; her contribution to Nato's defence shield in Europe correspondingly reduced—that has been the France that has dismayed her allies for more than a decade. Any recent visitor to France, who knew the country well before the dramatic events

which ushered in the Fifth Republic, knows that the French people have undergone a psychological transformation. It is no good pretending that we are altogether happy about some aspects of the new constitution, the very great powers placed in the hands of the President, for instance; there is government by decree, the press can scarcely be said to be fully free in the sense we understand it, the balance of representation in the assembly does not give an altogether fair reflection of the voting in the country. All this we know; but the fact remains that something like eight out of ten Frenchmen know it, too, and yet infinitely prefer it to the humiliating political ineffectuality of the Fourth Republic. Now they feel a firm hand at the wheel, and they seem to like it.

France's friends and allies, despite understandable misgivings, must on the whole welcome this remarkable development, of which the new financial reforms are a vital part. If it means that France will be a strong, dependable ally—and the signs are that it will mean that—we must rejoice in these changes. But they are not easy to get used to. We are so accustomed to lack of firm government in Paris, it is not easy for Britain and America to accept General de Gaulle's demand to be treated as their equal in all consultations and decisions on global issues, whether political or strategic. Her apparent unco-operativeness in Nato planning in recent months, her firmness on the European Common Market discrimination question, her insistence on developing her own nuclear weapons, these have all been aspects of the same question—France's standing in the Western alliance as an equal of Britain and the United States. But as France's political, economic, and moral vigour grows, these problems will solve themselves, and the whole Western alliance will benefit.—General Overseas Service

In Lord Samuel's talk published in THE LISTENER on December 25, 1958, under the title 'Man in the Cosmos', a reference on page 1060, column 2, to the important movement in many countries under the auspices of the World Health Organization was wrongly transcribed as 'improving the wealth of the cultivators'. This should have read 'health of the cultivators'.

Some News Highlights of 1958

History is the art of selection and so is a calendar of events. This selection from the broadcast headlines of 1958 completely excludes all purely domestic political events and is more of a pastiche than a chronicle.

JANUARY 3: Sir Edmund Hillary reaches the South Pole

JANUARY 9: Mr. Bulganin calls for a 'summit' conference

JANUARY 20: Dr. Fuchs reaches the South Pole

JANUARY 25: Mr. Khrushchev calls for a 'summit' conference

FEBRUARY 1: U.S. satellite 'Explorer' is launched from Florida

FEBRUARY 14: King Hussein of Jordan and King Feisal of Iraq proclaim Arab Federation

FEBRUARY 22: President Nasser of Egypt proclaims United Arab Republic

MARCH 2: Dr. Fuchs completes journey across Antarctica

MARCH 17: U.S. test satellite 'Vanguard' is launched from Florida

MARCH 27: Mr. Khrushchev is elected Soviet Prime Minister in place of Mr. Bulganin

APRIL 12: Second Russian satellite, launched in November, is seen by many people in Britain during its last circuits of the earth.

APRIL 16: Dr. Adenauer visits London

APRIL 29: President Nasser visits Moscow

MAY 14: Committee of Public Safety is formed at Algiers under General Massu

MAY 15: Russians launch third satellite weighing over one ton

MAY 26: M. Pflimlin warns emergency Session of French National Assembly that France is threatened by civil war

MAY 31: President Coty names General de Gaulle as French Prime Minister

JUNE 3: French National Assembly approves new Government's Bill for constitutional reform

JUNE 16: Budapest radio announces that Mr. Nagy, former Prime Minister of Hungary, has been executed

JUNE 23: Dr. Nkrumah says that he intends to declare Ghana a republic

JUNE 26: Thirty Russians land in Shetland islands in pursuit of Estonian seaman

JUNE 29: British Prime Minister flies to Paris to see General de Gaulle

JULY 1: Conference of experts at Geneva meet to discuss ways of detecting nuclear tests

JULY 10: President of United States and Prime Minister of Canada decide to establish joint Canadian-American committee of defence

JULY 14: The monarchy in Iraq is overthrown, the royal family is killed, and the British Embassy in Baghdad is sacked

JULY 15: U.S. Marines land in Lebanon

JULY 17: British troops land in Jordan

JULY 19: Mr. Khrushchev proposes 'summit' meeting

JULY 26: Earth satellite is launched from Florida

AUGUST 2: King Hussein announces that Arab Federation of Jordan and Iraq has ceased to exist

AUGUST 3: Mr. Khrushchev is reported to have visited Peking

AUGUST 4: United States nuclear-powered submarine passes under the North Pole

AUGUST 6-9: British Prime Minister visits Greece and Turkey

AUGUST 11: Mr. Khrushchev explains why he does not want a 'summit' meeting at Security Council

AUGUST 17: First U.S. attempt to send rocket to moon fails

AUGUST 21: U.N. General Assembly approves resolution on Middle East tabled by Arab States

AUGUST 28: Peking Government calls on Chinese Nationalist troops in Quemoy Island to surrender and says landing is imminent

SEPTEMBER 4: President Eisenhower warns Peking Government that he will not hesitate to use U.S. forces if security of Formosa is threatened

SEPTEMBER 8: Mr. Khrushchev tells President Eisenhower that no stable peace will be possible until American navy is withdrawn from Formosa Straits

SEPTEMBER 13: President Eisenhower asks Mr. Khrushchev to urge Chinese Communists to cease military operations and negotiate

SEPTEMBER 16: Dr. Adenauer, German Federal Chancellor, announces 'complete agreement' with General de Gaulle, French Prime Minister

SEPTEMBER 20: President Eisenhower rejects Mr. Khrushchev's latest Note as abusive and intemperate

SEPTEMBER 28: In a referendum French vote four to one in favour of new constitution

OCTOBER 1: First stage of British plan for Cyprus is put into effect

OCTOBER 9: Death of Pope Pius XII

OCTOBER 11: A space rocket aimed towards the moon is launched from Florida

OCTOBER 19: British troops leave Jordan

OCTOBER 28: Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, is elected Pope and takes the name of John XXIII

NOVEMBER 4: Republicans win big victory in American mid-term election

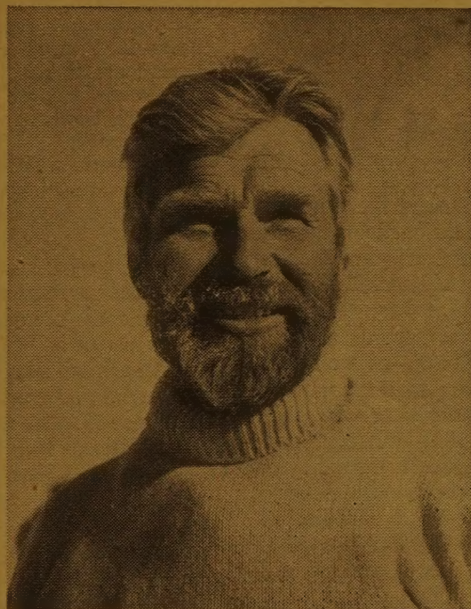
NOVEMBER 14: France and her partners in European Common Market reject plan for free trade area

NOVEMBER 24: Communists lose many seats in French General Election

DECEMBER 6: Three-Power conference at Geneva agrees on first article of a treaty about nuclear tests

DECEMBER 18: Four-ton 'Atlas' rocket is launched into orbit round earth

DECEMBER 29: Sterling and other European currencies become convertible for non-residents. French franc is devalued



Sir Vivian Fuchs after reaching the South Pole on January 20



King Hussein of Jordan (third from left) talking to British soldiers in Amman

The Listener

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Ring Out the Old

A MINOR news item of 1958 that strikes the fancy as one thinks back is that coal was 'derationed'. Thirteen years have now passed since the last war ended: rationing in Britain is over at last. Meanwhile the big warships and the bomber aircraft with which that war was waged are rapidly disappearing; the diary of the year records a series of miraculous rocket launchings and nuclear tests—as well as a conference at Geneva to discuss putting an end to nuclear tests. Those of an older generation who remember the inter-war years naturally compare the situation as it was in 1931—thirteen years after the Armistice of 1918—with that which prevails today. Then almost the whole world was in the depths of an economic depression. This year has seen a rise in unemployment, but not at all comparable with the terrible situation in 1931. On the other hand, Germany, the protagonist of both wars, is still divided and war or threats of war never seem far from our thoughts.

In 1958 we saw a crisis in the Middle East and a crisis in the Far East and towards the end of the year the rumblings of a storm in the West over the future status of Berlin, symbol of the divided Germany. Statesmen of the two Great Powers which dominate our globe have written letters carrying the gravest possible warnings to each other and everyone else. Finally the President of the United States 'rejected' a letter from the Prime Minister of Russia as being 'abusive and intemperate'. Behind these Powers, in the Far East, is another sphinx-like Power commanding millions upon millions of subjects (or citizens)—the China of Mao Tse-tung. As ordinary men and women in our own nation—and every other nation in what most of us call the free world—read these letters being exchanged and note the inter-continental missiles being launched and dogs and monkeys being shot into outer space they cannot fail to wonder into what sort of world their children and children's children are being born. In some ways it is a world so much better than that of 1931, in others more forbidding, more frightening.

We know a great deal more than we did then. We have read how explorers have met and drunk tea at the South Pole, as if it were just any other staging post; how a submarine has gone under one Pole and aircraft have landed at the other. The radio telescopes are revealing to us more of the mysteries of the universe. Medical science pursues its triumphant way: cancer no longer necessarily means death; tuberculosis is well under control; thanks to penicillin and other drugs pneumonia has ceased to be the scourge of the old. The very richness of our civilization is, ironically, a common cause of illnesses, attributable to over-smoking and over-eating. Must greater knowledge and wider discovery bring danger and not hope to mankind? Must more scientific education be also thought of in terms of rival armaments? Must the ability to flash news and information across the world, so that the picture of revolution on the other side of the globe one day is seen on our television screens the next day, make us even less capable of living in peace with our neighbours? It is almost incredible that this should be so. We must hope that the miracles of 1959 will be accompanied by the old-fashioned virtues of treaty making, tolerance, compromise, international understanding, and genuine optimism about the future of mankind.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

THE RECENT NATO SESSION in Paris was summed up by Moscow radio on December 19 in the words of the Tass correspondent Sysoyeva:

The Nato session which has ended today has not brought any change to the policy of that aggressive bloc which represents a danger to all nations. Led by the American military who decide Nato's policy, the participants in the session discussed man-hating plans for the preparation of a new war, an increase in the armaments race and the distribution of rocket and nuclear bases in Europe. As usual, these plans were justified by false arguments about 'the threat of communism', or 'the danger of aggression' on the part of the Soviet Union, the peaceful policy of which has been recognized and approved by the peoples of the entire world. . . . The reference to a mythical 'aggression' and the attempts to portray Nato activities as 'defensive' are aimed at justifying the plans for an even greater development of military preparations accompanied by the intensification of international tension.

The successful launching of the American four-ton satellite was given brief coverage in communist radio reports. On December 20 Moscow radio's home service reported an interview with the Russian scientist Sedov, who said there was no question of the new American satellite surpassing any of the three sputniks. Peking radio reported the launching, without comment, on December 19. On the same day, reports were carried by the East German, Polish, Czechoslovak, and Hungarian stations. Hungarian and East German comment compared the Atlas payload unfavourably with that of Sputnik III, but Warsaw radio quoted the Polish astronomer Professor Paczkowski as saying that the Atlas could be counted among the great scientific achievements of the age.

A Moscow broadcast in Arabic to the Middle East on December 19 posed the question: 'What is behind the allegations about a communist danger in Iraq?', and told its Arab listeners:

Americans who are expert in cooking up anti-communist myths say that there is a danger of communism in Iraq. But if we carefully examine this concoction and compare it with the facts, it is easy to see that all such outbursts about a danger of communism are no more than a veil intended to conceal long-term plans, hostile to Iraq, drawn up by Washington and London. . . .

Although the Western Powers have officially recognized the government of Abd al-Karim Kassem, they cannot acknowledge the fact that there is a new Iraq which pursues an independent Arab national policy, an Iraq which has replaced that of Nuri es-Said which was the obedient puppet of Western statesmen. . . . The Iraq Government is known to be receiving the support of the whole Iraq people and the overwhelming majority of parties and political groups in Iraq, including the communists. Because of this support, the Iraq Government has succeeded in unmasking two big plots against it.

The Moscow radio broadcast in Arabic went on:

Western propaganda preserves silence on all these facts and persists in talking about an alleged communist danger in Iraq. Does not this indicate a desire to launch an imperialist attack under the guise of resisting the communist danger, in order to restore feudalism and slavery to Iraq?

Prague Radio recalled the Hungarian Revolution and the mass exodus of Hungarians to the West at that time, when on December 16 it broadcast an account of a speech made by the visiting Hungarian Minister of State, George Marosan. In this, Mr. Marosan depicted the Hungarian refugees as 'dazed but now disillusioned' people who were 'longing for their homeland'; and he went on:

Tens of thousands have returned so far. They saved up for their fare by looking at every penny twice, and they had to endure the persecution of the imperialist police. These many thousands of people who have returned now speak about their bitter experiences. These people have learnt to know capitalism in all its bloody and miserable reality. . . . The counter-revolution proved that the U.S.S.R. is a friendly power, protecting the independent existence and national independence of the Hungarian nation against the imperialists. The Hungarian people see clearly that in 1956 it was the imperialists who had designs on Hungarian independence and it was the U.S.S.R. which protected it.

The Queen's Message to the Commonwealth

HER MAJESTY'S Christmas Day broadcast

A HAPPY Christmas to you all! Every year I look forward to opening the letters, parcels, and telegrams that come to me from all parts of the world. My husband and children join me in thanking all of you who have sent us your good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Some of you have written to say that you would like to see our children on television this afternoon. We value your interest in them, and I can assure you that we have thought about this a great deal before deciding against it. We would like our son and daughter to grow up as normally as possible, so that they will be able to serve you and the Commonwealth faithfully and well when they are old enough to do so. We believe that public life is not a fair burden to place on growing children. I am sure that all of you who are parents will understand.

Very soon now we shall be entering into the uncertainty and promise of a New Year. I hope very much that it proves to be a year of progress and happiness for us all. My family and I are looking forward to it, especially because many of us will be travelling to different parts of the world and hope to see more of you than ever before. In three weeks' time my husband goes to India and Pakistan and then on across the Pacific. My mother is going to East Africa, and my uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and his wife will be travelling as my representatives to Nigeria. My aunt, the Duchess of Kent, and my cousin Princess Alexandra are also undertaking long journeys. Together they will be visiting Central and South America in the spring; and later Princess Alexandra goes to Australia to attend the centenary celebrations of the State of Queensland.

In June, my husband and I will be going to Canada once again. You'll remember that my sister, Princess Margaret, was there earlier this year. This time we go primarily to open the great St. Lawrence seaway. But we shall be visiting many other parts of the country as well. Lastly, towards the end of the year, we are going to Ghana, and on our way back we intend to visit my people in Sierra Leone and the Gambia. So between us we

are going to many parts of the world. We've no plans for space travel at the moment!

To Christians all over the world, Christmas is an occasion for family gatherings and celebrations, for presents and parties, for friendship and goodwill. To many of my people Christmas does not have the same religious significance, but friendship and goodwill are common to us all. So it is a good time to remember

those around us who are far from home, feeling perhaps strange and lonely. My own thoughts are with the men and women and children from other parts of the Commonwealth who have come to live and work in the great cities of this country, and may well be missing the warmth and sunshine of their homelands.

In recent years the Commonwealth countries have been making a great co-operative effort to raise standards of living. Even so, the pace of our everyday life has been such that there has hardly been enough time to enjoy the things which appeal to men's minds, and which make life a full experience. After all, our standard of living has a spiritual as well as a material aspect. The genius of scientists, inventors, and engineers can

make life more comfortable and prosperous. But throughout history the spiritual and intellectual aspirations of mankind have been inspired by prophets and dreamers, philosophers, men of ideas and poets, artists in paint, sculpture and music—the whole company who challenge and encourage or entertain and give pleasure. To their number I would add the teachers in church, school, and university, whose enormous job it is to awaken the minds of the younger generations, and instil into them the essence of our accumulated civilization.

I am sure that many of you have thought about these things before, but it seems to me that Christmas is just the time to be grateful to those who add fullness to our lives. Even so, we need something more. We all need the kind of security that one gets from a happy and united family. Before I return to mine, let me once again wish every one of you a very happy Christmas from all of us here at Sandringham. And may God's blessing be with you in the coming year.



Her Majesty the Queen as viewers saw her making her broadcast from Sandringham on Christmas Day

John Cura

Did You Hear That?

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

'IN THE CITY ROAD', said JOCELYN BRADFORD in the Home Service, 'in the world of high finance, of banking, and insurance, is the home of the oldest military organization in Great Britain, the Company which has preserved the peace of the City of London for well over 400 years, whose members fought in the French wars of Henry VIII, served with the fleet against the Spanish Armada, and in the last two world wars, apart from providing numerous composite units in the field, gave to an eager army more than 8,000 fully trained officers.'

'The Honourable Artillery Company, that is the official title given it by Queen Victoria, has been known by many names, and has undergone many changes in its 421 years of "honourable duty". One says 421 years rather guardedly for though it

officially traces its history back to August 25, 1537, when it was formed as a "Guild or Fraternity of Saint George" being a "body of archers and handgun men", there are many indications that link it with even earlier trained bands.

'The H.A.C. consists today of one regiment of "Royal Horse Artillery"—needless to say they are mechanized—and one Infantry Battalion modelled on, and you might almost say affiliated to, the Foot Guards. There is also, to modernize it all, a special "Sound Locating Unit" as well. All three formations are now parts of the Territorial Army; but when the Bill that founded the T.A. was passed in 1908 a special Act was also carried through which permitted the Company to maintain many of its time-honoured customs and privileges. These are civil as well as military. One of the earliest of them was that no man could join

the Company unless he was a Freeman of the City of London.

'The need to be a Freeman of London no longer exists today. In fact any man between the ages of seventeen and a half and forty can join the H.A.C., but what one might term its civilian side is still organized just like a City Company. It is governed by a Court of Assistants, who are elected annually by the vote of members of the Company, membership of which is open to any man who joins one of the Company's military units. Anyone joining the H.A.C. has to be approved by this court. Another of the privileges that the H.A.C. has been allowed to retain is the right to select its officers. They are chosen today not by the War Office but by the Colonel and approved by the Colonel Commandant.

'The H.A.C. is the only military formation which has its own Company of Pikemen and Musketeers. You will see them on certain occasions and, more often, in attendance on the Lord Mayor of London, armed with pike and musket, as they were four centuries ago; their officers in "half" armour and their men red coated, red trousered, and with red hose. If they are drilled to expert handling of pike and musket, as they are, they are also just as handy with the modern implements of warfare. The Queen is their Captain General today—a title which corresponds to Her Majesty's position as Colonel in Chief of her Regiments of the Household Brigade.

'It is a sad thing that the Company once had to take up arms against its sovereign. The Civil War nearly split the Honourable Artillery Company. But though many of its members rallied to the Royalist cause, the fact remains that when the City sided with Cromwell its trained bands were officered by members of the H.A.C.

'The Honourable Artillery Company was never created as artillery, or, as we would call them today, "gunners". Artillery, in the sixteenth century, referred to "Long Bows, Crossbows, and Hand Guns". Cannon were greater artillery. It was not until the Gordon Riots in 1780 that the Company actually received and used "field pieces". Then the City of London presented them with two brass three-pounders—from which their existing Artillery Regiment of three batteries arose. You may see those two old guns today, on the staircase up to their Long Room'.

MORE BUZZARDS

'In my part of West Cumberland', said DUDLEY HOYS in 'The Northcountryman', 'buzzards are on the increase. It would be interesting to learn whether there is a similar story anywhere else. If so, I hope they are being left to their own devices. The bad they do is far outweighed by the good. At least, that is true of the Lake District.

'In the country round the Scafell, Gable, and the other chief heights, we reckon the buzzard a grand scavenger, clearing up sheep that have died from natural causes. And it does a fine job destroying adders. Every year a pair of buzzards build on a crag opposite where I live, and I have often seen the cock bird sweeping across the dale, an adder dangling from its talons, a lollipop for the fledglings.

'Many a visitor with a scant knowledge of birds has returned from a walk with a tale of having spotted a golden eagle. The mistake is understandable. Golden-brown in the sunlight, with a wing span of more than four feet, stalling and soaring in splendid power, the buzzard has a massive majesty that can easily deceive

the uninitiated. And they vary astonishingly in size. Some years ago the hen of the pair occupying the crag opposite had a wing span of at least five feet. She was always screaming at her husband, and gave him a shocking life.

'Only once have I encountered real nastiness from a buzzard. One muggy evening, coming home from a fell walk, plastic macintosh rolled up in my hand, I crossed a beck and started to skirt a spinney. A pair of buzzards rose from the trees, creating a ferocious din. The hen bird went back and perched on an ash. The cock made a half-stoop at me. I waved a deterring arm, suddenly conscious of my head—hatless, bald, and vulnerable. It swerved off, repeated the half-stoop, and kept at its tricks in such a threatening fashion that I had to walk with my neck turned, watching for the next assault. After several hundred yards of this, thinking I had got clear of the forbidden territory, I took

no further notice. There was a sudden swishing noise. In that split second of warning I flung up my arm to protect my head, and the plastic macintosh actually thumped up against the bird's breast. Those talons looked viciously sharp as they ripped past.

'I learned later that the pair had had their first nest robbed, but had brought up another family. One of the fledglings had tumbled out and, unable to get it back, they were keeping it fed, and standing no nonsense from any human being passing nearby'.



Her Majesty the Queen, Captain General of the Honourable Artillery Company, inspecting the Pikemen and Musketeers

SHIRTS

'Philosophy is studded with recipes for happiness', said J. B. BOOTHROYD in 'Today', 'but as far as I know the right shirt has never been mentioned. All shirts are wrong in some particular—quite apart from their odious habit of reminding a man that he has one arm longer than the other, which is the last thing he needs to have pointed out before breakfast as he tries to see past his wife into the wardrobe mirror. Shirts come in four main shortcomings. Collar too tight, sleeves not long enough, Elvis Presley

neckline, and a tight fit the full length of the torso, like a newly packed sausage.

'The thing to aim for, without any false optimism, is a shirt with only one of these failings; ideally, a shirt with a non-Presley-type neck design, long enough sleeves, enough in the torso to risk a deep breath without a salvo of buttons, and—as you've got to put up with something—a too-tight collar: if you don't look in the mirror while you're doing it, you can cut the button-hole with nail-scissors and untighten the collar. Now, of course, in wearing this improved shirt, you must prepare for people to come up to you all day and tell you your tie's crooked. Don't bother to tell them that it isn't the tie but the shirt, because you've cut the collar button-hole and the thing's lop-sided; just straighten the tie—or, rather, crooken it.

'This shirt you will prize above rubies—if Ruby wears a shirt. You'll want to wear it always. It's heaven. When it has to go to the laundry you want to stay in bed. Now, obviously, the thing is to get another just like it, and this is difficult, because like so many fond possessions it was acquired by sheer chance in some out-of-the-way place you were passing through—King's Lynn, perhaps, or Capel Curig—and at last, after meaning to go back there for ages, you do, and the man says he sold the last yesterday, and the makers aren't making any more. Then, of course, you've only one course. Send it to a shirtmaker and ask him to make an exact copy. It'll take weeks, but when it turns up you'll be amazed—it won't be anything like it'.

E. M. Forster on his Life and his Books

An interview recorded for television by David Jones

DAVID JONES: Would you say something about what Cambridge has meant to you in the past, and why you live there now?

E. M. Forster: Well, I have been more or less connected with Cambridge all my life. I came here as an undergraduate and went away to work for many years, travelled to India and so on. And now I have come back to it in my old age and am very glad to have come back. I think it is a place for the very young and the very old. Middle-aged people ought to go away and get other experiences, that is my general feeling about Cambridge. But I am very thankful to be here myself. The particular college where I am, King's, has got immense beauty. It has on the one side the Chapel, on the other side what is to me a very precious tradition, that the old people and the young can meet here very easily and without self-consciousness. It is quite easy for people of my age to meet undergraduates and they do not seem to mind. That is one of the reasons I am fond of this place. I do not know how much it has actually helped me in my writing. It is not a place in which a writer ought to remain. I am quite sure he ought to go out into the world and meet more types, I was going to say meet people of more classes, but of course in Cambridge you can now meet people of all classes, but mostly selected intellectuals. It is most necessary for the writer, and for everyone else, to go all over the place. That is my general feeling.

Oddly enough it was Cambridge that first set me off writing. And in this very room where I now am there was at one time my tutor, a man called Wedd, and it was he who suggested to me that I might write. He did it in a very informal way. He said in a sort of drawling voice 'I don't see why you should not write', and I being very diffident was delighted at this remark and thought, after all why shouldn't I write? And I did. It is really owing to Wedd and to that start at Cambridge that I have written. I might have started for some other reason.

Generally speaking I have not written as much as I'd like to. I think this is my one regret. I would have been glad to write more novels after *A Passage to India*. For one thing it sold so well, and I write for two reasons—partly to make money and partly to win the respect of people whom I respect. And novels, more novels, would have certainly made me better known. I somehow dried up after the *Passage*. I wanted to write but did not want to write novels. And that is really too long a story. But I think one of the reasons why I stopped writing novels is that the social aspect of the world changed so much. I had been accustomed to write about the old-fashioned world with its homes and its family life and its comparative peace. All that went, and though I can think about the new world I cannot put it into fiction. I expect there are other reasons why I dried up but I have not dried up

in other ways. I have written a biography, for instance, of my great-aunt whose picture appears over that mantelpiece.

Jones: Looking back at your work, how do you feel about individual books?—which do you think will last and which are you most attached to?

Forster: I am awfully conceited, let me tell you that. I am very glad to have written my novels and have no particular regret about them. I feel very differently towards them. I am delighted *A Passage to India* had a success and that it was influential, because the political side of it was an aspect I wanted to express, although it is not primarily a political book. I do not know which is the novel I think best. I like best one that is not very popular, called *The Longest Journey*. I think there I got nearer to putting down what was inside me and wanted to say. And as for the others, I think *Howards End* is all right. But I sometimes get a little bored with it. There seems too much, too many social nuances, there. And the other two, the mainly Italian, they are *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and *A Room with a View*. I still enjoy those because I still enjoy Italy. Incidentally I have enjoyed writing. I have never found it a trial or an ordeal of suffering. Some writers do. I have been so conceited about myself as a novelist that I had better add that I am quite sure I am not a great novelist. Because I have only got down on to paper really three types of people: the per-



Mr. E. M. Forster, C.H.: today, January 1, is his eightieth birthday
Allan Chappelov

son I think I am, the people who irritate me, and the people I would like to be. When you get to the really great writers, like Tolstoy, you find they can get hold of all types. But most novelists, including myself, are much more constricted in their imagination and their sympathy. I do not get down very much. We have to write out of ourselves and to depict, as I say, what annoys us and what we would like to be.

Jones: What writers do you most admire?

Forster: I am greatly influenced by Jane Austen, I think, and Samuel Butler when I was quite young, and later on there came the impact of Proust. I cannot possibly handle either people or scenes with the delicacy and depth of Proust. But he has shown me a little what it is to be both delicate and deep as a novelist.

I have got an enormous amount out of music. I used to play the piano a little—badly, but it is important to play an instrument even badly because you get inside a little and guess, even a bad guess, at what the composer was up to. Music has meant an enormous amount to me. And I am also happy to say that the visual arts, on which I have always been very weak, are gradually meaning more and more. I have got more out of pictures and indeed sculpture, too, than I have in the past, and architecture. This last year I have been very lucky—I have been

to Italy again. I have been to Greece and Constantinople, and have seen the marvellous mosaics there. I do not mean the St. Sophia mosaics, but the frescoes and mosaics that the American Byzantine Institute is revealing in one of the smaller mosques.

Going back to music, of course I have come out of the nineteenth century and I am devoted to people who are not in fashion now. That does not worry me, naturally. To Beethoven, for instance, who is at the moment supposed to be rather off colour. I am also devoted to Verdi, who is better thought of, I understand, and get from these a fairly comparative insight into music because I can get on quite well with modern composers—I have to think a bit and try again, but I can make something of it. And of course this proves that I am weak in pictorial art, because I do not get on so well with the modern artist. I am just not equipped to receive the new experiences in that direction, whereas I have received some of the new musical experiences.

Jones: What are the things in life which you think really important and worth believing in?

Forster: I suppose such views and beliefs that I have, have come out incidentally in my books. I remember Desmond MacCarthy saying 'Never preach. If you have a sermon inside you it is quite certain to come out incidentally and will be much more effective'. And anyone who has cared to read my books will see what high value I attach to personal relationships and to tolerance and, I may add, to pleasure. Pleasure one is not supposed to talk about in public however much one enjoys it in private. But if I have had any influence I should be very glad

that it had induced people to enjoy this wonderful world into which we are born, and of course to help others to enjoy it too. Coming down to people I have already indicated the kind of people I like—the people who are cheerful, courageous, brave, and tolerant—people who can put themselves in another person's place and not do harm because they know how much it hurts to be hurt. Oh yes, and gaiety I like—and earnestness of purpose, provided it is properly controlled. I think that when earnestness of purpose gets out of hand it is pretty dreary and unhelpful both to the person who is being earnest and to those who hear him doing it.

Jones: Looking to the future, are you optimistic or pessimistic about the world situation?

Forster: It seems rather contradictory after what I have been saying but when I think of the future I am most terribly worried about it. But I think it is . . . it is frightfully difficult. One has two duties—to be worried and not to be worried. And not to be worried is very important because you cannot enjoy or understand the world around you if you are in a fuss all the time. But I think the thing is very grim and I see no escape through further scientific discoveries or, to put it more accurately, the only way science can help us in the future is psychologically. Not physically. It has gone far too far in the physical direction. It is the old phrase—we must have a change of heart. And I think that can be expressed in scientific terms, and that it is by altering ourselves and helping others to alter that we may get through the frightful crisis that has been induced by our own ingenuity.

Recollections of Nassenheide

By E. M. FORSTER

PLEASE open this book* on page 128. There you will see a photograph of me. I am a slim youth, for the photograph† is over half a century old, and I am standing beside another and more solid young man. His name is Herr Steinweg and he is a German tutor. I am an English tutor. In front of us sit two governesses, in white blouses, white aprons, long thick skirts and stout boots. One of them is German—Fraulein Backe—the other French, Mademoiselle Auger de Balben. And the photograph is entitled 'The teaching staff at Nassenheide in 1905'. There we are in the garden, in the pre-war summer sunshine, the sunshine that expected shadow but had no conception of disintegration. And there behind us lies Nassenheide, supposed to be a Schloss, but really a charming low grey country house, in the depths of Pomerania. Somewhere inside it, or perhaps in her summer-house, writing one of her novels, is our employer, the Countess von Arnim, and somewhere else again must be our three little pupils.

Let me explain how I got out there. I wanted to learn some German and do some writing, and a Cambridge friend put me in touch with his aunt. She was English (born in Australia actually) and she had

married an aristocratic Pomeranian landowner. She was, furthermore, a well-known and gifted authoress, who wrote under the name of Elizabeth. Her *Elizabeth and her German Garden* was widely read, and her three eldest girls had become household words in many a British household. I am not discussing her books, but they are much neglected today, and I hope that this excellent biography of her will bring them back to prominence. I was one of a series of tutors—Hugh Walpole himself was to succeed me—and I was to pick up in exchange what German I could. At first I feared I should not get the job, for I met

none of her requirements: refused to come permanently, could not give all my time, could not teach mathematics or anything except English. But the more difficulties I raised the warmer grew Elizabeth's letters. She begged me to come when I liked and as I liked. She trusted I should not find Nassenheide dull, and she asked me to be so good as to bring her from London a packet of orris root.

My arrival occurred on April 4, 1905. Never shall I forget it. I took the express from Berlin to Stettin, and there had to change into the light railway for Nassenheide. When I arrived there it was dark. We drew up in the middle of a farm-



† The teaching staff at Nassenheide in 1905: behind, Herr Steinweg (left) and Mr. E. M. Forster; in front, Fraulein Backe and Mlle Auger de Balben

* *Elizabeth of the German Garden*. By Leslie de Charms. Heinemann, 25s.

yard. Heaps of manure, with water between them, could be seen in the light that fell from the carriage windows, but of the Countess von Arnim not a sign. The guard shouted. There was no reply. He got off the train and plunged into the night, presently re-emerging with a farm labourer who was to carry my bag and show me where the Schloss was. Heavy luggage remained in the manure. We slipped and splashed through an atmosphere now heavily charged with romance, and in God's good time came to the long low building I was presently to know under sunlight. The bell pealed, a hound bayed, and a half-dressed underservant unlocked the hall door and asked me what I wanted. I replied, 'I want to live here'.

Unexpected Arrival

The hall was white and vaulted and decorated with the heads of birds and small animals, and with admonitory mottoes in black paint. The hound continued to bay. Presently the German tutor was aroused, the cordial and intelligent Herr Steinweg, who explained that I had not been expected so soon. He showed me my room, also my bed, but I could not occupy the latter for the reason that the out-going English tutor had not yet vacated it. It was settled that I had better sleep in the nobler part of the house, in the best spare room itself. The cold was appalling in the spare room, the wallpaper excruciatingly pink and green, the sound of a pump from the farmyard where my luggage lay was ceaseless and ghostly. Came the dawn and came breakfast, and with it all possible kindness from my colleagues. And presently I stood in the presence of the Countess herself.

Elizabeth of the German Garden proved to be small and graceful, vivid and vivacious. She was also capricious and a merciless tease. The discomforts of my arrival seemed to have lowered me in her opinion: indeed I lost all the ground I had gained through refusing to come. Glancing up at my tired and peaked face, she said in her rather grating voice, 'How d'ye do, Mr. Forster. We confused you with the new housemaid. . . . Can you teach the children, do you think? They are very difficult . . . oh yes Mr. Forster, very difficult, they'll laugh at you, you know. You'll have to be stern or it'll end as it did with Mr. Stokoe'. I gave her the packet of orris root, which she accepted as only her due, and the interview ended.

Subsequently our relations became easy and she told me that she had nearly sent me straight back to England there and then, since I was wearing a particularly ugly tie. I do not believe her. I was not. She had no respect for what may be called the lower forms of truth. Then we spoke of some friends of hers whom I had met in Dresden. 'They don't like me', she said. I replied: 'So I saw'. This gave her a jump.

So my arrival was on the tough side. Still all went well, and all around us stretched the German countryside, which is my main theme. When I began to look about me I was filled with delight. The German Garden itself, about which Elizabeth had so amusingly written, did not make much impression. Later in the summer some flowers—mainly pansies, tulips, roses, salpiglossis—came into bloom, and there were endless lupins which the Count was drilling for agricultural purposes. But there was nothing of a show and Nassenheide appeared to be surrounded by paddocks and shrubberies. The garden merged into the park, which was sylvan in character and had a field in it over whose long grass at the end of July a canopy of butterflies kept waving.

It was the country, the flat agricultural surround, that so ravished me. When I arrived in April the air was ugly and came from the east. A few kingcups were out along the edges of the dykes, also some willow-catkins, no leaves. The lanes and the paths were of black sand; the sky, lead. The chaussée, white and embanked, divided the desolate fields, cranes flew overhead, crying 'ho hee toe, ho hee toe' as if they were declining the Greek definite article. Then they shrieked and ceased, as if it was too difficult. Storks followed the cranes. Over the immense dark plough galloped the deer to disappear into the cliffs of a forest. Presently the spring broke, slow, thematic, teutonic, the birch trees forming the main melody.

You cannot imagine the radiance that descended upon that flat iron-coloured land in May. The birches lined the dykes and strayed into the fields, mistletoe hung from them, some of them formed an islet in the midst of a field of rye, joined to the edge

by a birchen isthmus. I would go to this islet on warm afternoons with my German grammar. At first the rye was low, later on it hid the galloping deer. Herr Steinweg and I, both friendly to Nature, took many short walks and he recited poetry. Sometimes we got into the forests. There was a track not far from the house that covered undulating ground and had not been planted too regularly and one evening the light flooded a gallery through it with golden beer upon whose substance a solitary leaf floated motionless. By chance I was myself also full of beer, and encountering the miraculous leaf I thought it might be an illusion. But I pointed it out to Steinweg, who was the soul of sobriety, and he saw it too, which proves its existence, doesn't it?

Steinweg and I had our rooms at the end of the long low annex that ran from the main building. I had a little room which got the morning sun, so that I could sit in my bath and be shone upon. He had a larger room where we harmoniously breakfasted, usually upon plovers' eggs. He had a passion for cleanliness, and would daily lift off the lid of the tea-pot to see whether it was coated, as had happened on one occasion, with jam, and it was owing to him that our stoves generally burnt, and that ashes did not sift too thickly over our possessions. He was a delightful companion, always cheerful and considerate, and most intelligent from the theological point of view. I only shocked him once, and if I tell you how I shall shock you: I let out to him that I thought telephone wires were hollow and that one spoke down them! He could not imagine such mental incompetence any more than you can and he was silent and cold for a little time afterwards. His pleasant temper, his good sense, and his slight inclination to autocracy made him the natural leader of us menials, and it is to him that the teaching staff at Nassenheide owed its most agreeable summer. Later on he became a pastor in the Lutheran Church. We kept in touch, he came to stay with me in England; indeed, our friendship survived two world wars.

The third member of our quartet was the French lady Mademoiselle Auger de Balben, a charming and child-like soul. Externally she looked a termagant, and well suited for the post of guarding little girls: she always sat in the schoolroom when Steinweg or I taught them. But her nutcracker-face, spectacles, grey locks, and rounded shoulders accompanied a delightful personality. She was always helping someone or making something—making I cannot remember what: paper boxes inside which you found a filigree rabbit or a pig made out of shavings: that gives the idea. I kept for many years the papier-mâché snake that she gave me when I left Nassenheide, together with its inscription '*C'est le grand serpent Boa, quand il mord ceux qu'il mord sont morts*'. (Herr Steinweg—he gave me *Faust*). She was almost totally uneducated and had read fewer books and acquired less information than I should have thought possible. 'If I had been educated I might have become a famous woman like Madame de Sévigné', she once remarked gaily. She could, however, play upon the zither and once when her bracelet caught in the strings of that unusual instrument and fixed her to it immovably, it took the combined efforts of her colleagues and her pupils to set her free. She could run like the wind. Everyone loved her. So did all animals and like a character in a book she would catch them, catch wild animals from the wood and birds in the garden, pet them for a little and let them go. I don't know what became of her.

Trials of 'Teppi'

Fraulein Backe—often called Teppi—was less happily placed. The Countess had recently made her housekeeper as well as German governess, and she was overworked. The rest of us were probably underworked. I was certainly. My teaching duties were only an hour a day. I had abundant leisure for my German and my writing and was most considerately treated if I asked for leave. But Fraulein Backe was always on the run. The Countess called 'Teppi' at all places and hours. The children leapt on her back. The Count stormed because she had not provided potatoes; it was to her that Steinweg complained of the jam in our tea-pot; the servants cheeked her. She had not asked life to be thus. She was a tall, sentimental maiden and it was her secret ambition to 'live in art'. She sang when allowed to do so but so out of tune that permission was seldom accorded. Mademoiselle's zither was preferred. She loved discussing operas, particularly Strauss's

Salome, and would dramatize its tender moments. At times she would attempt fantasy, appearing as an Easter Hare in the garden amidst piles of coloured eggs, or giving at the Schiller centenary a comic performance of *Der Alte Moor* which was not thought amusing.

Dumb devotion bound her to the Countess and the family: her other passion was for the Inspector of Forests, a large, taciturn, handsome, married man; she would become lyrical about the stillness and beauty of his life in the woods. I met her again a few years later, during an amusing caravan tour which the Countess organized in Kent, and recently I had news of her death. It seems that her devotion persisted and that she remained the mainstay of the family through the tensions and tragedies that were to befall it. She died greatly beloved. Sometimes I apply the epitaph of Housman to her—the one about ‘the brisk fond lackey to fetch and carry, the true, sick-hearted slave’—but it does not really apply, for Fraulein Backe has had the reward of gratitude even in this life.

So there we are in that photograph, the four of us immortalized. I do not intend to stray outside it and speak of our pupils, delightful and original and easy as they were, or of their mother, delightful and original and occasionally difficult though she was. I am not reviewing this biography, only reminiscing round the pages in it I know best. I will keep to Nassenheide, and to a couple of extracts from my Journal there.

May 28, 1905. A 12 hours expedition to the Oder Berge. (Herr Steinweg, Fraulein, Mademoiselle, self, 3 girls.) Straggling villages full of people who looked fairly happy. But never a comfortable effect, in spite of cleanliness and flowers. The roads are so broad and sandy, the houses are set so aimlessly in their surroundings, and there is no attempt to conceal or group the outhouses. A very pleasant day has happened too recently to write about it. The hills had a mountain stream running down them although they were only 300 feet high. The woods were full of bicyclists' paths. We had a second lunch and played skittles with a most rickety return-gallery for the balls, and saw a black bull calf, a very clean scullery, and a tall lady-artist in flowing white piquet. Then through woods of spindly oaks to Falkendorf, where I saw two most beautiful things: bathers running naked under sun-pierced foliage, and a most enormous beech, standing in the village like a god. A villager was proud of it. More woods with lilies-of-the-valley in them, and close to this house two lovers asleep by the

road, face downwards, their arms over each other. They looked as ugly and ill-shaped as humanity can be, but I merely felt grateful.

The seven of us came back safe from the great Oder Berge outing, although Fraulein Backe got ‘bubbles’ on her feet. When I wrote *Howards End* I brought in the Oder Berge and other Pomeranian recollections.

The next extract is more meditative; and covers ground already indicated.

July 14. At 8.00 this evening the east and zenith were full of huge saffron clouds. The moon showing at times between them. In the west the sun setting in clear sky with a few golden bars above it. The light from the trees fell marvellously on the moving hay carts and on the shoeless Poles. Would also remember the sun of last Sunday, into whose light we ascended in the dip ups of the birch woods. After beer it looked like a stream of beer, and its last reflections, together with those of the crescent-moon, were reflected in the Thur See. The magic change—I noted yesterday—comes at 6.15, now. Everything turns bright and coloured. Back from picnic with children. Smeared with blaubeeren, butter, milk coffee, dust and gooseberries.

It is curious that Germany, a country which I do not know well or instinctively embrace, should twice have seduced me through her countryside. I have described the first occasion. The second was half a century later when I stayed in a remote hamlet in Franconia. The scenery was more scenic than in Pomerania. There were swelling green hills rising into woodlands. There were picturesque castles and distant views. But the two districts resembled each other in their vastness and openness and in their freedom from industrialism. They were free from smoke and wires, and masts and placards, and they were full of living air: they remind me of what our own countryside used to be before it was ruined.

The tragedy of England is that she is too small to become a modern state and yet to retain her freshness. The freshness has to go. Even when there is a National Park it has to be mucked up. Germany is anyhow larger, and thanks to her superior size she may preserve the rural heritage that smaller national units have had to scrap—the heritage which I used to see from my own doorstep in Hertfordshire when I was a child, and which has failed to outlast me.—*Third Programme*

La Bella Bona Roba

For Harold Acton

‘I cannot tell who loves the Skeleton
Of a poor Marmoset, nought but boan, boan,
Give me a nakednesse with her cloaths on’.*

Alas, lass, lost—
Alas, lost.

Where is my white velvet dress
Of flesh that some called heaven, some sin—
Not pitying the grave that is
Not slaked, that is not satisfied,
For all its triumphs? Ah, lass, lost!
Alas, lost.

My arms were mighty as the seas
That gird the great young seeding lands
To make them theirs; and in my hands
Men's fortunes were as Time's sand in
The glass . . . I gave them at the last
The small red worm for paramour.
Where is that might now? Ah, lass, lost.
Alas, all lost.

Once my love had the lion's mouth,
My breasts were the pillars of the South.
Now my mouth has the desert's drouth

And all that comes
To my breast is the wind and rain—
Alas, lass, lost,
Alas, lost.

The tigerish Spring was in each vein,
The glittering wind of Spring, my mane.
Now am I no more to Spring
Than the violet mist from vine-branches.
Alas, lass, lost—
All, lass, lost.

Now is my body only this:
The infinite geometry
That is the cold. How could I know
Winter would take me, I grow old?
Alas, lass, lost!
Alas, lost.

Young girl, you stare at me as if
I were that Medusa Time
That will change you, too, to stone:
So you, grown old, must lie alone.
Alas, lass, lost!
Alas . . .

EDITH SITWELL

* Richard Lovelace: ‘La Bella Bona Roba’

The Magnanimity of Queen Elizabeth I

By SIR JOHN NEALE

The following article consists of extracts from a lecture given by Sir John Neale at the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, on November 17, 1958, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth I. A recording of the lecture was afterwards broadcast in the B.B.C.'s Third Programme.

WE should not be misled by the peaceful and uneventful accession of Queen Elizabeth into thinking of November 17, 1558, as an ordinary transfer of the throne from one dead monarch to her natural successor. The exiles returning to England after their flight abroad from the Catholic régime of Mary Tudor, the citizens of London in their welcome to the new Queen, and the majority in the House of Commons when the first parliament of the reign assembled—all these, and many more, saw the occasion as the overthrow of one ideology and the victory of its rival: we might almost say, a revolutionary *coup d'état*. And, in fact, there is evidence to suggest that Elizabeth was organized to fight for her throne, if the need had arisen.

To ardent Protestants, the miraculous preservation of their Queen from all the perils of her sister's reign was the admirable work of God's own hand. In an oration, written for the accession, John Hales imagined God saying to Englishmen: 'Ye see, my people, what I have done for you. . . I have not only discovered mine, yours, and my land of England's enemies . . .; but I have also taken away their head and captain, and destroyed a great number of them, that ye should not be troubled with them; and some of them I have left, that ye may make them spectacles and examples, to the terror and fear of their posterity'. Addressing Elizabeth, Hales told her that if she fulfilled her destiny, carrying out the revolution fully and quickly, then all men would confess that she was 'of God specially sent and ordained. And as the Queen of Sheba came from afar off to see the glory of King Solomon—a woman to a man—even so shall the princes of our time come—men to a woman—and kings marvel at the virtue of Queen Elizabeth'.

Here, in this elation of spirit after a depressing reign, lay the potential dynamic of the new age. I have said 'potential'. If it were to be a case of replacing one persecuting ideology by the fanatical impulses of another—if, in the words of John Hales, the Elizabethan government were to make of Catholics 'spectacles and examples to the terror and fear of their posterity'—what chance would there be of national unity? The rule of the saints is not conducive to common happiness. And yet from these godly

men—supremely from them—could come a new inspiration. To harness this to the broader emotion of patriotism; to nurse the ardour of men like Hales and yet restrain their harmful fanaticism, to cultivate the Puritan sense of a divine purpose guarding and promoting the welfare of England, as God in the Old Testament had watched over Israel—to do this and at the same time qualify that exclusive spirit by tolerance, here was the problem of statecraft.

It called for exceptional ability and a genius for leadership; and since that leadership, in a period of personal monarchy, had to come from the sovereign, and the sovereign was a woman, ruling men who believed the regiment of women to be monstrous, it also called for extraordinary will-power. Happy fortune too was needed: a combination and succession of accidents, not least of which was the long life of the Queen. Elizabeth's reign might be interpreted as a gamble; a gamble of hers with time. She preferred to run the gravest risks rather than act against her deeper promptings. 'Safety first' was not her motto. Her Ministers—all of them, including the ablest and most trusted—wrung their hands in despair over her. 'To behold miseries coming and to be denied remedies!' moaned Lord Burghley. 'Our remedy', wrote Sir Francis Walsingham, 'must be prayer, for other help I see none'. 'If we prosper', echoed another Councillor, 'it must be, as our custom is, by miracle'. In such a situation, what wonder if that, when peril after peril was successfully avoided and the reign progressed



Engraving (1589) by William Rogers, to celebrate the victory of the previous year over the Spanish Armada. The Queen is presented as a votive image with the orb in one hand and a sprig of olive in the other. On the pillars are Peace, with a laurel crown, and Plenty

British Museum

with resounding fortune, biblically minded generations, which in 1558 regarded Elizabeth as the ward of Providence, perceived God's eternal vigilance in the preservation of his servant Elizabeth and his chosen Englishmen? Her enemies were just as impressed, but they thought her the daughter of the Devil. The sober fact is that if she had died twenty years sooner, she would probably have left a name of infamy in history: and she knew it.

The harnessing of the revolutionary spirit began almost at once with the religious settlement made at Elizabeth's first parliament. It was a Protestant settlement, but with comeliness and tradition preserved and fanaticism excluded. We know too little about its story, but all that little shows that it was the personal policy of the young Queen, stubbornly forced through a reluctant, radical House of Commons. The Anglican Church, now 400 years old and venerable, was uniquely the creation of this woman. Though not so conservative as she wished, it has certainly proved what she wanted it to be, amazingly comprehensive. At all times it has

harboured high, low, and also moderate churchmen. It might be regarded as the symbol of her rule. The Deborah of the revolutionaries certainly failed them. Rather than be a party leader, she chose to lead the nation. In so doing she created a left wing of discontent. The paradox of the Elizabethan age is that its flavour and dynamic came from this left or Puritan wing, and came through a romantic attachment between them and their Queen.

The Deborah of the Saints

What is the explanation? Undoubtedly the supreme art and deliberate policy of the Queen. But there were more specific reasons—reasons of an accidental character. The first was the Queen's failure to marry, the consequent lack of an heir and the uncertainty about the succession to the throne. If no religious problem had existed, Mary Queen of Scots would have been the obvious heir apparent; but she was a Catholic, the spear-head of the opposing ideology, and English Protestants would on no account tolerate the prospect of her succession. The future of Protestantism therefore continued as it had been during Mary Tudor's reign, linked indissolubly with the life of Elizabeth. Whatever her shortcomings, she remained the Deborah of the saints: they had no other choice. If she had married and borne a child, the radicals would almost certainly have transferred their hopes to such an heir, and the romance would have turned sour. Everyone knows that Elizabeth was the Virgin Queen: it is not often realized how vital to her success that role was.

The second reason for the romantic attachment of Queen and people was the mounting concentration of the Catholic Counter-Reformation against Elizabeth and her England: the cold war of the two rival ideologies of that age, with its hot spots. The crucial event was the flight of Mary Queen of Scots to England in 1568, after her lurid tale of misadventure in her own country. Thenceforward, until her execution in 1587 put an end to this frightful danger, the alternative, Catholic Deborah was in England, a focus—though captive—for every plot and scheme of the counter-revolution. Granted a similar revolutionary climate and a similar life-or-death struggle, who could be confident that, even in our modern civilized days, a bloody end would not be put to such an intolerable situation, in less than twenty hazardous years? Elizabeth's statesmen, parliament, and people exerted their utmost pressure to exact that solution, and exact it rapidly, from their Queen. Her obstinate refusal was an even more personal policy than her religious settlement. She pursued the *via media* in politics as well as religion, gambling with her own life and the country's apparent welfare for the sake of rooted principles and instincts. We may doubt whether any masculine ruler would have shown such compunction.

Increasing danger imparted a new and peculiar intensity to the bond of affection between Elizabeth and her people. She herself cultivated the relationship with consummate art, playing her part, on set occasions, with the skill of a born actress. For their part, the people admired her qualities of mind and heart—her 'magnanimity', as they often termed it, using that word in its etymological sense, which, alas, it has now lost.

The peerles pearle of princes all,
So ful of pitty, peace, and love,
Whose mercy is not proved small,
When foule offenders doo her moove,
A phenix of moste noble minde,
Unto her subjects good and kinde;
A moste renowned virgin queen,
Whose like on earth was never seen.

Pride in their Sovereign

The cult of the Queen was expressed in the literature of the age, in courtly pageantry, and by artists in her portraits. Much, of course, was highly artificial; though that does not mean that it was necessarily false, and the ballads were usually simple enough. The parliamentary debates of the high Elizabethan period—from the arrival of Mary Queen of Scots to the post-Armada years—throb with the pride of Englishmen in their sovereign.

Liberal-minded historians of the past—not so imaginative as we necessarily are about the passions aroused by a prolonged ideological struggle—have deplored the anti-Catholic penal

legislation of the Elizabethan period. By enlightened nineteenth-century standards it was indeed shocking; though the critics seldom realized that the crucial question for those days was how the law was administered. All the same, this legislation was mild—astonishingly mild—compared with the penalties that Privy Councillors, Lords, and Commons did their utmost to secure. Their obstacle was always the Queen.

It was the same at the other extreme. In the passionate atmosphere of the time, doctrinaires of the left—the Puritans—acquired an authority and following out of proportion to their number or their gospel. In the name of Truth and Patriotism they wanted to reform the Anglican Church root and branch; to obtain what had been denied them in the Settlement of 1559, and even to go the whole hog in Protestant ideology. It is the perennial story of revolutions, except in the sequel. In the name of patriotism, if not of truth, they generally found a majority of fellow-travellers in the House of Commons, ready to back them, and substantial sympathy for many items of their programme in the House of Lords and among Privy Councillors. After all, what surer defence was there against the enemy than a nation legislated into Protestant godliness? The saints seemed to have the right answer to the country's grave political problem.

Elizabeth would not budge an inch. Always at hand, always vigilant, she argued, threatened, sent prohibitory messages, imprisoned offenders in the Tower, and wielded her legislative veto. Then, when the doctrinaires, having secretly built up a subversive Presbyterian movement within the Church itself, tried to legislate the revolution into existence, she disciplined them with rigour and put up her best orators in the House of Commons to expose their conspiracy. It was deliberate, consistent and personal action, and undoubtedly saved the Church of England.

'A Merciful Lady'

What does all this amount to? Surely that in a period of passion Elizabeth prevented the ardour of fanatics, the vengeful indignation of patriots and the panic fear of many from running away with policy. She resisted even the ruthless logic of her statesmen. Lord Burghley was probably the most moderate of her Councillors, as he was the most responsible and the one she trusted most. Drawing up the pros and cons of problems, as was his habit, he found himself supporting many of those parliamentary measures that the Queen vetoed or amended. 'The Queen's Majesty', he told Walsingham in 1571, 'hath been always a merciful lady, and by mercy she hath taken more harm than by justice, and yet she thinks that she is more beloved in doing herself harm. God save her to his honour long among us'. Doubtless there were those near Elizabeth who whispered advice against the majority opinion of Council and Parliament; but we know enough about some of the most striking instances to be sure that the overwhelming weight of authority was against her. In this sense she may often be said to have gambled with the fate of the kingdom. It is worth asking how this could be.

In the first place, the constitution of the country was personal monarchy. The sovereign received counsel or advice, but all decisions were hers. One of the remarkable features of Elizabeth's rule is the extent to which she kept both major and minor decisions in her own hands. Again, she chose her own Councillors. Their superlative quality is equally remarkable. Even her 'favourites' were men of parts and were made to work hard.

It is an interesting reflection that masters who have the faculty of choosing servants of outstanding ability usually remain none the less masters. To diagnose why this was the case with Elizabeth is easy. A person of exceptional intelligence and studious, inquisitive temperament, she was educated in the rigorous manner of the Renaissance by the finest scholars of the time. She was a cultured woman, the intellectual peer or superior of her advisers, and had the requisite linguistic and historical knowledge to keep even foreign policy in her hands. Moreover, in her youth she had passed through a school of experience where everything—even her life—depended on her wit and intelligence. Her political instinct was already mature when she came to the throne at the age of twenty-five, and over the years, judging solely by results, she made so few blunders that time could only confirm and justify her trust in it. Her greatest statesman, Lord Burghley, who was inclined at first to share contemporary prejudice against a woman-ruler, was

brought at length to acknowledge her surpassing wisdom. The divergences of policy between him and his mistress seem often to have been divergences between logic and instinct. Perhaps her greater trust in instinct was a feminine trait, though experience, as so often can be said of instinct, was a predominant ingredient. She worked hard and conscientiously at her job and lived for it, with mind and emotion. She had every reason for self-confidence except that of sex, and her masterful nature and birth compensated here. Tradition has portrayed her as unprincipled. It is a superficial judgment, bred of ignorance. In fact, no sovereign or statesman has clung more obstinately and daringly to certain fundamental principles; though in small things few

women have tantalized men more frequently by their mutability.

It was principle, deep-rooted in instinct, that led Elizabeth to restrain the passion of an angry nation against Catholics and stand adamant against the dreams of doctrinaires. For this, surely all who in any degree owe something to English civilization still remain indebted to her. 'Nothing in the world', complained the Earl of Leicester to Sir Francis Walsingham in 1582, 'grieveth me more than to see that her Majesty believes this increase of Papists in her realm can be no danger to her. The Lord of his mercy open her eyes'. That the Queen, at this critical time in our history, remained sensitive to civilized feelings and resisted her advisers is surely cause for us to salute her memory.

Greece at the End of the Dark Age

By J. M. COOK

A FORTNIGHT ago Professor Crossland* posed the problem: what are the sources of those distinctive features of classical Greek civilization with which we are all familiar? How much was old and how much new? What was home-produced and what came from outside? My task here is to examine the archaeology of the Greek Dark Age to see what there is that can throw light on this problem.

The Greek Dark Age is a big field in both time and space, and I shall have to be selective in my treatment of it in both dimensions: as regards time, we may regard it as extending from the twelfth century to some time in the eighth century B.C. but I shall focus mainly on the end of the period, watching what emerges from it in the generations before and around 700 B.C.; in the other dimension I shall confine myself to the two regions which seem to matter most—first, Old Greece, the home territory of the former Mycenaean kingdoms, but now largely occupied by newcomers of Greek race; and, second, across the Aegean, Ionia, now occupied by refugees from the shattered Mycenaean kingdoms (and the home of the Homeric epic).

Homer is, of course, in the centre of the picture here. But I shall be approaching him from the opposite angle to Professor Webster. He dealt last week with the old elements, the traditional elements and events in the Homeric poems: I want to think rather of the poet's own times and the (so to speak) modern setting that he gave to the old stories.

We may begin by taking Ionia first. At the beginning of the Dark Age the refugees who crossed the Aegean to the Asiatic coast settled themselves by preference on little sea-girt peninsulas of a sort joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus. For them these peninsulas had the double advantage of a sheltered beach for their boats and the narrowest possible land frontier to defend against hostile natives. For us they have the advantage of making these migration settlements relatively easy to find, though few have actually been tested by excavation. After the migrations the

next stage seems to have been one of consolidation: the weaker settlements were absorbed by the stronger ones; this process was completed at the latest by 800 B.C.; by that time the twelve historical cities of Ionia—Miletus, Ephesus, and so forth—were in full control of the Ionic coastlands and the offshore islands.

The clearest light on early Ionia comes from the recent Anglo-

Turkish excavations at Smyrna. Here in the Dark Age the Ionians lived in simple thatched cottages on a fortified pensinsula about 400 yards long. By the eighth century, when the population had increased to several hundred households, living conditions had become almost unbearably cramped. But about the end of the eighth century a disaster occurred—probably an earthquake—and after that the town was built afresh. It was a golden opportunity, and the people of Smyrna made the most of it. An area on the highest part of the peninsula was terraced up for a new temple of the patron goddess. The rest of the town was laid out on an axial plan with streets running north-south; and blocks of town-houses were built back to back; each had several good-sized rooms on the ground floor and (it would seem) an upper storey. The walls in their lower part were built in finely jointed



Reconstruction (by R. V. Nicholls) of what the peninsular city of Smyrna may have looked like in the late seventh century B.C. Most of the detail is conjectural, especially that shown outside the city circuit

By courtesy of the British School at Athens

polygonal masonry that is both sturdy and attractive to look at. Some of the houses, at least, were equipped with terra-cotta bath tubs. The Greek population at Smyrna was small but it seems to have been surprisingly well-to-do.

This new act of town-planning involved a serious difficulty. There was not room for 400 or 500 spacious new houses of this sort inside the wall-circuit of the peninsula, and consequently a suburb seems to have been built on the mainland beyond the isthmus.

At Smyrna, then, in the seventh century we meet the first handsome, dignified Greek city yet known to us; but Smyrna was one of the lesser Ionic cities, and not likely to have been the pioneer in this new urban development.

In Homer we read of just such a city—the ideal city of

Alcinous on the remote island to which the Phaeacians had emigrated. It was the home of a people who, like the Ionians, were fond of seafaring, of epic minstrelsy and hot baths and clean clothes. The city of the Phaeacians was built on a peninsula, and we are told how, as he approaches the city, Odysseus crosses the narrow isthmus; he passes the meeting-places of the citizens and the boats drawn up on either side; then he pauses to admire the circuit of the walls in front of him (Homer has always a keen appreciation of finely jointed masonry). The *Iliad* too has its fortified cities, like Troy itself with its temple of the patron goddess crowning the citadel.

This picture of the Homeric city deserves attention. It does not seem to fit with the Mycenaean citadels of Old Greece; there, so far as we can judge, the population seems normally to have lived in unfortified hamlets scattered around the castle. Unfortunately we know next to nothing of the townships of Old Greece in the Dark Age; but what we do know gives us no reason to suppose that the people lived in cities like those which Homer describes. It is in the poet's own homeland—in Ionia, in fact—that such cities seem really to have existed; and it seems as if in his imaginary city of the Phaeacians Homer was thinking of cities such as he was himself becoming accustomed to. In fact, it looks to me as though Homer and archaeology here combine to show us the origin of that great invention of the Greeks—the Greek city.

It is men, says Thucydides, not walls, that make a city. This is partly true. But equally it is the city which makes the citizen; it is the city that creates the citizen-mentality. In Smyrna about the end of the eighth century it was possible for a new axial city-plan to be put into effect, involving the shifting of a large part of the population. The material development that we see serves as a guide to the political development. It bears witness to a city-consciousness and a civic organization that we should not otherwise have expected to find at this early date in Greek history. When we think also of Homer the Ionian—of his extraordinary humanity, his rational appraisal of things human and divine, and of the freedom from prejudice and petty restricting beliefs which is reflected in his poems—then we can be in no doubt of this, that the Ionians at the end of the Dark Age had already reached a high plateau of civilization; and I think we are already entitled to speak of an 'Ionic Renaissance'.

We must turn back now to Old Greece in the Dark Age. In doing so the archaeologist passes from the world of the living to that of the dead. In this period we find only the most meagre traces of the habitations of the living in Old Greece; our knowledge comes almost entirely from graves and the offerings they contained, and our archaeological standard (not only for dating, but almost for cultural horizons too) is the painted vases—the pottery. Here we have a craft of keenly defined shapes and a geometrical decoration which is marked by carefully arranged rhythmical progressions. Orderliness and structural sense are its characteristics, and it was these qualities which lay at the root of Greek art. As a representational art—depicting the appropriate funeral ceremony or battle by land and sea—geometric art is highly articulate; it delivers a standardized message clearly and in due order. Professor Webster described it well when he spoke of it as arising from a new faith in human reason and its power to reduce things to simple clear patterns so that they become manageable. This above all was an Athenian contribution, and one of growing importance. But the atmosphere of this art was cool and almost sterilized until the awakening came in the later eighth century.

The two main movements in the awakening of Old Greece were over-

seas colonization and maritime trade. The Greek colonies, which from the middle of the eighth century began to be planted in the west, on distant coasts of the Mediterranean, are tremendously important in the history of European civilization; and the sea-ports from which the first waves of colonists were despatched—Chalcis, Eretria, and Corinth—must have been powerful maritime states; but the colonial expansion of the Greeks belongs to another chapter of history.

As regards trade, there was of course local trafficking in Greek waters: in recent years archaeologists have learnt to recognize the vessels that were used as containers of Athenian oil, of Corinthian scent, and Chian wine, and we now have evidence that there was export trade in these commodities before 700 B.C. But much more important in the awakening of Old Greece were the longer-range trade contacts, those with the civilizations and arts of the Near East.

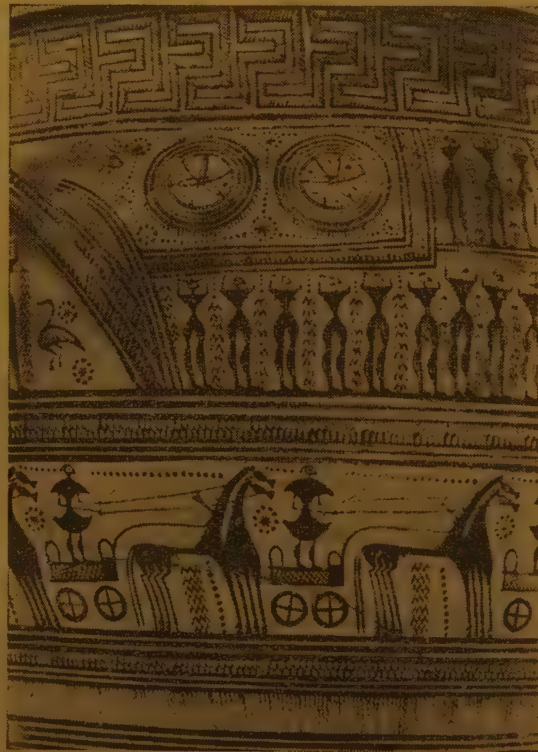
Before the end of the Greek Dark Age the Phoenicians had penetrated Greek waters. Their artistic products in ivory and metal relief have been found in various places—most of all in the island of Crete, where a flourishing school of embossed bronze-work was set up. The most stimulating contacts were those with north Syria, where Sir Leonard Woolley's excavations at Al Mina have set things in an entirely new light. They have shown that before the middle of the eighth century Greeks were established—as traders, presumably—at the mouth of the Orontes, and so were in direct contact with the Oriental civilizations. It was probably from here that the alphabet came to Greece. From here also came Syrian bronzes and ivories, terra-cotta statuettes; from somewhere in the hinterland here came bronze cauldrons adorned with griffin-heads or with handle-attachments in human and animal form. And further back, behind all this, stood the range of art-motifs of Late Hittite and Assyrian sculpture, the arts of the East with their repertory of men and animals and mythical creatures.

The discovery of this world set the artistic experience of the ages at the disposal of Greek craftsmen. The Greeks were quick learners, and they soon mastered the new techniques. But Greek craftsmen did not only imitate, they adapted art-motifs and ideas to their own ends, and the East opened their eyes to new forms of expression and story-telling. So it came about that the cold, impersonal art-discipline of Dark Age Greece was transformed into a full-blooded descriptive art, one which could tell

exciting stories of gods and heroes and put them across with the certainty of being understood.

It is in art that the impact of these Near Eastern impulses appears most clearly. But there seems little doubt that the East had a much wider effect on people's minds in Old Greece. From the East the Greeks borrowed, for instance, religious ideas, cult practices and legend. This is an important subject, but it is not one that I am capable of discussing.

There is another, secondary, influence on the way of life and art of Old Greece, that I think we can infer from archaeological discoveries. The evidence for this appears about 700 B.C. It was about then that worship of Agamemnon was instituted at Mycenae (for the first time, it seems), and worship of Menelaus at Sparta; and cults of Homer's heroes presently sprang up at other places in Greece. Sacrifices and offerings began to be made at old neglected Mycenaean tombs. In the early seventh century, scenes of the Trojan War and the epic cycle appear on painted vases, and at this time a Greek colonist in the Bay of Naples scratched a little poem on his wine-cup, in which he claimed that the famous goblet of Nestor was not as potent as



Part of the decoration on an Athenian grave-vase (about the middle of the eighth century B.C.) in the National Museum, Athens: above, a funeral procession with mourners in two tiers; below, a procession of chariots

his. Here we seem to be seeing how the people of Old Greece reacted to the new Ionic epic from across the Aegean, in which their country's heroic past was recounted. Homer's poetry not only stirred man's imagination, but it had a scale and grandeur sufficient to affect their beliefs and habits. This must be the moment when the Greeks began to be really aware of their past, and conscious of something approaching what we might call a national heritage. At this time the seal of their past was set upon their future, and from then on Greek education, public and private morality (and much else) bore the imprint of memories of the heroic age combined with eighth-century Ionic humanism.

I may seem to have overstressed the external impulses which acted upon Old Greece. I do not mean

to suggest that there was no thread of continuity between the Mycenaean and the seventh century. Naturally there was. The countryside continued to be inhabited by Greeks. Worship tended to continue in the same places. The basic crafts continued. The Doric capital seems to be a sort of remote descendant of the Mycenaean. But archaeologically the intervening period seems to be so featureless that at present one can think of continuity only on a low plane. This is not of course the answer to Professor Crossland's query about continuity between the Mycenaean and classical cultures; he was dealing with political institutions and free thinking, in fact with intangible issues; and in Dark Ages the range of archaeology is extremely limited.

As we have seen, the art of Old Greece in the late eighth century reflects the new influences from the Near East. Curiously, that of the eastern Ionians in this period does not. This in itself might not mean a great deal. But what I find astonishing about eighth-century and early seventh-century Ionia is how little trace there seems to be of any sort of contact with the Near East. One is constantly told that the Ionic cities were the terminals of trade routes (caravan routes) which are supposed to have led from the Euphrates overland through Lydia to the Aegean. But, apart from the island of Samos, which occupied a special position as the



Fragment of a large vase found at Argos (seventh century B.C.) showing a Homeric scene: Odysseus and his companions putting out the eye of the Cyclops

Photograph: French School at Athens

mean that Ionia was not in close touch with the Orient at this time. If this conclusion is warranted, we have discovered a contrast between Old Greece and Ionia, and we have now got something in the nature of a criterion by which to distinguish the different elements which went to the making of classical Greek culture.

I should sum the whole matter up in these words: In Ionia a more or less spontaneous development of city life, high civilization and, of course, literature. This would seem to be an internal growth, perhaps gradual, and containing much that was traditional. As the Ionic cities expanded, wealth and the leisure that comes from the use of serf labour may have contributed to this high level of culture, though this cannot be proved on the archaeological evidence. In Old Greece, on the other hand, we see an awakening of maritime activity in the eighth century, and a renewal of contact with the older civilizations of the Near East. Apart from the alphabet, it is in art that the results of this contact appear most clearly; but elsewhere too (as, for instance, in the poems of Hesiod) we are conscious of the intrusion of Near Eastern imagery. Finally, in quick succession to this, the new Ionic epic swept across the Aegean to Old Greece; and it was this more than anything else which aroused in the different Greek peoples a new feeling of a common heritage.—*Third Programme*

A Touch of Autumn in the Air

A short story* by SEAN O'FAOLAIN

IT was, of all people, Daniel Cashen of Roscommon who first made me realize that the fragments of any experience that remain in a man's memory, the bits and scraps of a ruined temple, are preserved from time not at random but by the inmost desires of his personality.

Cashen was neither sensitive nor intelligent. He was a caricature of the self-made, self-educated, nineteenth-century business man. Some seventy years ago he had set up a small woollen factory in County Roscommon which, by hard work from early morning to late at night, and by making everybody around him work at the same pace, he developed into a thriving industry which he personally owned. His Swansdown Blankets, for example, were the only kind of blankets my mother ever bought. Though old when I made his acquaintance he was still a powerful horse of a man, always dressed in well-pressed Irish tweeds, heavy countryman's boots, and a fawn, flat-topped bowler-hat set squat above a big, red, square face, heavy handlebar moustaches and pale-blue, staring eyes of which one always saw

the complete circle of the iris, challenging, concentrated, slightly mad.

One would not expect such a man to say anything very profound about the workings of the memory, and he did not. All he did was to indulge in a brief burst of reminiscence in a hotel foyer, induced by my casual remark that it was a lovely, sunny day outside but that there was a touch of autumn in the air. The illuminating thing was the bewildered look that came into those pale, staring eyes as he talked. It revealed that he was much more touched and troubled by the Why of memory than by the Fact of memory. He was saying, in effect: Why do I remember that? Why do I not remember the other thing? For the first time in his life something within him had gone out of control.

What he started to talk about was a holiday he spent when just under fifteen in what was at that time called the Queen's County. It had lasted two months, September and October. 'Lovely, sunny weather, just like today'. What had begun to bother him was not so much that the days had merged and

melted together in his memory—after so many years that was only natural—but that here and there, from a few days of no more evident importance than any other days, a few trivial things stuck up above the tides of forgetfulness. And as he mentioned them I could see that he was fumbling, a little fearfully, towards the notion that there might be some meaning in the pattern of those indestructible bits of the jigsaw of his youth, perhaps even some sort of revelation in their obstinacy after so much else had dropped down the crevices of time.

He did not come directly to the major memory that had set his mind working in this way. He mentioned a few lesser memories first, starting out through the revolving, glass doors at the sunny street. There was the afternoon when, by idle chance, he leaned over a small stone bridge near his Uncle Bartle's farm and became held for an hour by the mesmerism of the stream flickering through the chickweed. As could happen likewise to a great number of busy men, who normally never think at all about the subjective side of themselves, and are overwhelmed by the mystery of it if once they do advert to it, he attached an almost magical import to the discovery that he had never forgotten the bright pleasure of that casual hour.

'No, John! Although it must be near sixty years ago. And I don't believe I ever will forget it. Why is that?'

Of course, he admitted modestly, he had a phenomenal memory, and to prove it he invited me to ask him the telephone numbers of any half-dozen shops in town. But, yet, there was that red hay-barn where he and his cousin, Katie Bergin, played and tumbled a score of times—it was a blur.

'I can't even remember whether the damn thing was made of timber or corrugated iron!'

Or there was the sunken river, away back on the level leas, a stream rather than a river, where one warm September Sunday after Mass he saw, with distasteful pleasure, the men splashing around naked, roughly ducking a boy who had joined them, laughing at his screams. But, whereas he also still possessed the soft, surrounding fields, the imperceptibly moving clouds, the crunch of a jolting cart far away, the silence so deep that you could have heard an apple falling, he had lost every detail of the walk to and from the river, and every hour before and after it. A less arrogant man might have accepted the simple explanation that the mind wavers in and out of alertness, is bright at one moment, dim at the next. Those mad, round irises glared at the suggestion that his mind could at any time be dim.

He pointed out that he knew the country for miles around, intimately, walking it and cycling it day after day: what clung to him of it all, like burrs, were mere spots—a rusty iron gate falling apart, a cross-roads tree with a black patch burnt at its base, an uneventful turn off the main road, a few undistinguished yards of the three miles of wall around the local demesne. He laughed scornfully at my idea that his mind became bright only for those few yards of wall.

'Well, perhaps it became dim then? You were thinking hard about other things up to that point in your walk?'

Here he allowed his real trouble to expose itself. He had not only remembered pointless scraps, but, I found, those scraps had been coming back to him repeatedly during the last few days with a tormenting joy, so that here he was, an old man, fondling nothings as lovingly as if he were fondling a lock of a dead woman's hair. It was plain, at last, that he was thinking of all those fragments of his boyhood as the fish-scales of some wonderful fish, never-to-be-seen, sinuous and shining, that had escaped from his net into the ocean.

What had started him off was simple. (I reconstruct it as well as I can, intuiting and enlarging from his own brief, blunt words.) A few mornings before our meeting, fine and sunny also, he had happened to go into a toy-shop where they also sold sweets. He was suddenly transfixed by the smell peculiar to these shops—scented soaps, the paint on the tin toys and the sprayed wooden trucks, the smell of the children's gift-books, the sweetness of the sweets. At once he was back in that holiday, with his cousin Kitty Bergin, on the leas behind her father's farmhouse (his Uncle Bartle's), one sunny, mistified October morning, driving in a donkey-cart down to where his uncle and

his cousin, Jack, were ditching a small meadow that they had retrieved from the rushes and the bog-water.

As Kitty and he slowly jolted along the rutted track deeper and deeper into this wide, flat river-basin of the Barrow, whose hundreds of streams and dykes feed into what, by a gradual addition, becomes a river some twenty miles away, the two men whom they were approaching looked so minute on the level bog, under the vast sky, that Dan got a queer feeling of his own smallness in observing theirs. Looking back, the white, thatched farmhouse nestling into the earth had never seemed so homely, cosy and comforting.

Ferns crackled at the hub. When he clutched one its fronds were warm but wet. It was the season when webs are flung with a wild energy across chasms. He wiped his face several times. He saw dew-drops in a row in mid-air, invisibly supported between frond and frond. A lean swathe of mist, or was it low cloud, floated beneath far hills. Presently they saw behind the two men a pond with a fringe of reeds. Against an outcrop of delicately decayed limestone was a bent hawthorn in a cloud of ruby berries. Or could it have been a rowan-tree? The sky was a pale green. The little shaven meadow was as lemon-bright as fallen ash-leaves before the dew dries on their drifts so that it would have been hard to say whether the liquid lemon of the meadow was evaporating into the sky or the sky melting down into the field.

They were on a happy mission. Mulvaney the postman had brought two letters to the farmhouse from two other sons: Owen who was a pit-manager in the mines at Castlecomer, and Christopher (who, out of respect, was never referred to as Christy), then studying for the priesthood in a Dublin seminary. Aunt Molly had sent them off with the letters, a jug of hot tea and thick rounds of fresh, home-made bread and home-made apple-jam smelling of cloves, a great favourite of Uncle Bartle's. They duly reached the two men, relieved the donkey of bridle, bit and winkers so that he could graze in the meadow, spread sacks to sit on, and while Kitty poured the tea into mugs Bartle reverently wiped his clayey hands on the sides of his trousers and took the letters. As he read them aloud in a slow, sing-song voice, like a man intoning his prayers, it was clear that those two sons had gone so far outside his own experience of the big world that he stood a little in awe of them both. It was a picture to be remembered for years: the meadow, the old man, the smoke of the distant farmhouse, patriarchal, sheltered, simple.

When he laid down the letter from the priest-to-be he said:

'He's doing well. A steady lad.'

When he had read the letter from the mines he said:

'He's doing fine. If he escapes the danger he will go far.'

While Jack was reading the letters Katie whispered to Danny, thumbing the moon's faint crescent:

'Look! It says D for Danny.'

'Or', he murmured to her boldly, 'it could be D for Dear?'

Her warning glare towards her father was an admission.

'I see here', Jack commented, while his father sucked at the tea, 'that Christopher is after visiting Fanny Emphie. Her name in religion is Sister Fidealia.'

Dan had seen this girl at the Curragh Races during the first week of his holidays, a neighbour's daughter who, a few weeks later, entered the convent. He had heard them joking one night about how she and Christopher had at one time been 'great' with one another. He remembered a slight, skinny girl with a cocked nose, laughing, moist lips and shining white teeth.

'Read me out that bit', Bartle ordered. 'I didn't note that.'

'"I got special leave from the President to visit Sister Fidealia, last week, at Saint Joachim's. She is well and happy but looked pale. She asked after you all. Saint Joachim's has nice grounds but the trams pass outside the wall and she said that for the first couple of weeks she could hardly sleep at all".'

The two men went on drinking their tea. It occurred to Dan that they did not care much for Fanny Emphie. He saw her now in her black robes walking along a gravelled path under the high walls of the convent, outside which the trams at night drew their glow in the air overhead. It also occurred to him, for no reason, that Kitty Bergin might one day think of becoming a

nun and he looked at her with a pang of premonitory loss. Why should any of them leave this quiet place?

'Ha!' said old Bartle suddenly, and winked at Danny, and rubbed his dusty hands and drew out his pipe. This meant that they must all get back to work.

Katie gathered up the utensils, Danny tackled the donkey, the others went back to their ditching and she and Danny drove back to where the fern was plentiful for bedding. Taking two sickles they began to rasp through the stalks. After a while she straightened up, so did he, and they regarded one another, waist-deep in the fern.

'Do you think', she asked him pertly, 'would I make a nice nun?'

'You!' he said, startled that the same thought had entered their heads at the same time.

She came across to him, slipped from his pocket the big blue handkerchief in which the bread had been wrapped, cast it in an arc about her fair head, drew it tightly under her chin with her left hand, and then with a deft peck of her right finger and thumb cowed it forward over her forehead and her up-looking blue eyes.

'Sister Fidealia, sir', she curtsied, provokingly.

He grappled with her as awkwardly as any country boy paying the sort of homage he expected was expected of him, and she, laughing, wrestled strongly with him. They swayed in one another's arms, aware of each other's bodies, until she cried, 'Here's daddy', and when he let her go mocked him from a safe distance for his innocence. But as they cut the fern again her sidelong glance made him happy.

They piled the cut fern into the cart, climbed on top of it, and lay face down on it, feeling the wind so cold that they instinctively pressed closer together. They jolted out to the main road, and as they ambled along they talked, and it seemed to him that it was very serious talk, but he forgot every word of it. When they came near the cross-roads with its little sweet-shop they decided to buy a halfpenny-worth of their favourite sweets, those flat, odd-shaped sweets—diamonds, hearts, hexagonals—called Conversation Lozenges because each sweet bore on its coarse surface a ring-posy in coloured ink, such as Mizpah, Truth Tries Troth, Do you Care? or All for Love. Some bore girls' names such as Gladys or Alice. His first sweet said, Yours in Heart. He handed it to her with a smile; she at once popped it into her mouth, laughing at his folly. As they ambled along so, slowly, chatting and chewing, the donkey's hooves whispering through the fallen beech-leaves, they heard high above the bare arches of the trees the faint honking of the wild geese called down from the north by the October moon.

It was to those two or three hours of that October morning many years ago that he was whirled back as he stood transfixed by the smells of the sweets-and-toys-shop. Forgetting what he had come there to buy he asked them if they sold Conversation Lozenges. They had never heard of them. As he turned to go he saw a nun leafing through the children's gift-books. He went near her and pretending to look at a book peered under her cowl. To his surprise she was a very old nun. On the pavement he glanced up at the sky and was startled to see there the faint crescent moon. He was startled because he remembered that he had seen it earlier in the morning, and had quite forgotten the fact.

He at once distrusted the message of his memory. Perhaps it was not that the smells had reminded him of little Kitty Bergin eating Yours in Heart, or pretending to be a nun, or wrestling with him in the fern? Perhaps what had called him back was the indifference of those two men to the fate of the nun? Or was there some special meaning for him in those arrowing geese? Or in the cosy, sheltered farmhouse? Maybe the important thing that day had been the old man humbly reading the letters? Why had the two men looked so small under the open sky of the bogland? D, she had said, for Danny. . . .

As he stared at me there in the hotel foyer my heart softened towards him. The pain in his eyes was the pain of a man who has begun to lose one of the great pleasures of life in the dis-

covery that we can never truly remember anything at all, that we are for a great part of our lives at the mercy of uncharted currents of the heart. It would have been futile to try to comfort him by saying that those currents may be charted elsewhere, that even when those revolving glass doors in front of us flashed in the October sun the whole movement of the universe since time began was involved in that coincidence of light. Daniel Cashen of Roscommon would get small comfort out of thinking of himself as a little blob of phosphorescence running along the curl of a wave at night.

And, then, by chance, I did say something that comforted him, because as he shook hands with me and said he must be off, I said, without thinking:

'I hope the Blankets are doing well?'

'Aha!' he cried triumphantly. 'Better than ever.'

And tapped his flat-topped hat more firmly on his head and whirled the doors before him out into the sunny street as imperiously as any man accustomed to ordering everything that comes his way.

Through the slowing doors I watched him halt on the pavement. He looked slowly to the right, and then he looked towards his left, and then, slowly, he looked up around the sky until he found what he was looking for. After a few moments he shivered up his shoulders around his neck, looked at the ground at his feet, put his two hands into his pockets, and moved very slowly away, still down-looking, out of sight.

Poor man, I thought when he was gone; rash, blunt, undeviating; yet, in his own crude way, more true to life than his famous French contemporary who recaptured lost time only by dilating, inventing, suppressing, merging such of its realities as he could recall, and inventing whatever he could not. Cashen was playing archaeology with his boyhood, trying to deduce a whole self out of a few dusty shards. It was, of course, far too late. My guess was that of the few scraps that he now held in his hands the clue lay not so much in the offer of love and the images of retirement, the girl's courtship, the white farmhouse snuggling down cosily into the earth under the vast dome of the sky, and the old man left behind by his sons, as in the challenging sight of his own littleness on that aqueous plain whose streams barely trickled to the open sea. He said he hadn't thought of it for sixty years. Perhaps not? But he was thinking of it now, when the adventure was pretty well over. As it was. A week later a friend rang me up and said, 'Did you hear who's died?' I knew at once but I asked the question. The voice over the telephone said, 'Daniel Cashen'.

He left nearly £150,000—a lot of money in our country—and, since he never married, he divided it all up among his relatives by birth, most of them comparatively poor people and most of them living in what used to be called, in his boyhood, the Queen's County.

THE LISTENER NEXT WEEK

Among the talks which will appear are:

'Dr. Marx and Dr. Zhivago'

By Alasdair MacIntyre

'The Moral Philosophy of Sartre'

By Mary Warnock

and

'The Business Bountiful'

Sir Jock Campbell replies to Theodore Levitt

NEWS DIARY

December 23-30

Tuesday, December 23

President Nasser, in a speech at Port Said, denounces the Syrian Communist party for its opposition to Arab nationalism

Pope John makes his first Christmas broadcast

Sixteen people are trapped and over 100 injured after ten acres of underground mushroom beds collapse near Tongres in Belgium

Wednesday, December 24

Eoka make a new offer of peace in a pamphlet distributed in Nicosia

An emergency session of the Ghana Parliament overrules a judgment given by the Supreme Court

Widespread fog delays Christmas air, rail, and sea traffic

Thursday, December 25

H.M. the Queen broadcasts from Sandringham on sound and television (see page 9)

Mr. Alexander Shelapin, a Soviet youth leader, is appointed to succeed General Serov as head of State Security. Supreme Soviet approves reforms in the criminal code including the ending of secret trials

Friday, December 26

Over 3,000 dockers strike in Glasgow

Saturday, December 27

It is announced that from December 29 sterling will become convertible outside the sterling area

France devalues the franc by 17½ per cent.

The United Arab Republic and the Soviet Union sign an agreement on Russian aid for the Aswan High Dam

Sunday, December 28

General de Gaulle in a broadcast to the nation announces the new measures for putting French economy on a sound basis

Mineworkers' Union decides to claim for a thirty-five-hour week for underground workers

Monday, December 29

M. Pinay, French Finance Minister, says higher taxation and increase in prices were necessary to prevent national bankruptcy

Rebels in Cuba reported to be gaining ground in the rising against President Batista's government

Tuesday, December 30

President of World Bank agrees to help bring about a financial settlement between Britain and Egypt

The pound sterling makes headway against other currencies on the London Stock Exchange

French Government reorganizes national defence



Anton Dolin as St. George of England and Alicia Markova as the Spirit of the Lake in the children's play *Where the Rainbow Ends* at the New Victoria Theatre, London



CHRISTMAS



A scene from the pantomime *Cinderella* at the London Coliseum: Cinderella by Yana, stepping out of her coach



Margot Fonteyn as Cinderella in the Ballet Company's production of *Cinderella* at the Covent Garden Theatre

Left: Peter (Sarah Churchill) Wendy (Julia Lockwood) to fly in *Peter Pan* at the Scala Theatre, London

HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS



John Gilpin as the Prince and Marilyn Burr as the Sugar Plum Fairy in the Festival Ballet's production of *The Nutcracker* at the Royal Festival Hall, London



A scene from *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the New Theatre, Cardiff. Left to right: Janet Wall as the Princess, Norman Evans as the Dame, James Lomas as the Giant; and Heather Francis as Jack



Mother Goose, the pantomime at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh: Pamela Kay as the Principal Girl and Fay Lenore as the Principal Boy

The End of the World

The last of four talks by J. V. LANGMEAD CASSERLEY

I REMEMBER that about the time of the dropping of the first atomic bombs in Japan I contemplated writing a play. I often think of writing plays, which is certainly stimulating, although, in fact, I never write them, which is probably wise.

In this particular play I imagined two brothers, the one a distinguished physicist devoting his life to military aspects of nuclear research; the other a kind of fundamentalist, Bible-punching preacher of the cruder kind who prophesied a speedy end of the world in a shower of fire and brimstone. As I imagined it, the brothers viewed each other with the heartiest contempt, and they never met without each expressing the most violent repudiation of all that the other stood for. The irony of the play was to be that the physicist brother was to construct the bomb which made the preaching brother's prophesies come true. The difficulty was to get them together again for a final discussion of the problem after the bomb had gone off. Perhaps it was because I could never get down to solving this difficulty that I never wrote the play.

The idea at all events was clear. We seem to be reaching a stage of history at which it is possible for the sin and folly of man to bring about the end of the world, the kind of conclusion of human history to which many of the biblical passages seem to point. That, of course, does not mean that the end of the world will in fact come about in this way. It is always possible that man will draw back from the very edge of the catastrophic event, that fear may dissuade him more potently than wisdom or righteousness from committing this final act of folly. At least, however, the experiences of the present time make the biblical passages about the end of the world seem more realistic and feasible than was previously supposed. As we read these passages, with their high-flown poetic character, we can hardly refrain from saying to ourselves: 'Yes, it could be very like that, indeed it could be just that'.

The Scientific Picture

Even before the coming of nuclear fission there were good scientific grounds for believing that one day the world would have to end, that human life could not continue indefinitely on this planet. The end, as forecast by the natural sciences, still seemed a long way off, several million years in fact, but the weight of evidence certainly seemed to suggest that it must come, and that when it came it could not be denied. This scientific picture of the end of the world was very different from the biblical one. It rather seemed to suggest the few last survivors of the human race huddling together for warmth in a world rapidly becoming too cold to support their existence. It was at that time that T. S. Eliot could write: 'This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper'. With the coming of nuclear fission we have once more begun to wonder whether, in fact, the world

will not end more biblically, not with a whimper but a bang.

But even the scientific forecasts of the ultimate end of human existence upon this planet, at a time very remote from our own, were never right to assume that this was in fact the way in which the world would end. This forecast of the gradual dying of our planet was always rather a tentative thing. The most the physical scientist can say is: 'In the present state of our knowledge, and provided no unforeseen factor intervenes, human life will be possible on this planet for so many thousands of years'; but he can never pretend that the present state of our knowledge is anything like absolute, or sufficient to enable us to make such distant prophesies with any confidence. Still less can he ever be in a position to assume that in fact no unforeseen factor can or will intervene. He must always admit that there is every possibility that he may be wrong, and indeed some of the more speculatively minded men of science have played with some notion of recreation, some re-gathering of dispersed energies in some part of outer space, so that things might be endlessly renewed.

This speculative idea of the recreation of the creation does also, in its own way, appear in the Bible: 'Behold I make all things new'. In the Bible, in some of the prophets and the Book of Revelation, the end of the world might well be described as the recreation of all things, and indeed in the Bible the idea of the end of the world is by no means a gloomy idea filling us with foreboding.

The Trumpet for Victory

In the Bible the end of the world is always the negative aspect of the coming of the Kingdom of God. This is the kind of hope that is almost always absent from our merely secular speculations about the possibility of nuclear war and the ultimate destruction of the human race. In this secular thinking, the end of all things in some kind of nuclear catastrophe really is the end of all things; whereas in the Bible the end of all things might be even better described as the beginning of all things. The Bible, even in its grimmest pages, always remains a great book of life and hope; whereas for the modern pessimistic secularist, incapable of hoping unless he can convince himself that this world of time really is the world without end, the idea of the end of the world is one of ultimate and impenetrable gloom. For the Christian, on the other hand, it is always true that this world must and will end precisely because God's world must and will begin. In the last resort then, for the Bible the end of the world will come neither with a bang nor a whimper but with a trumpet: the trumpet that blows for victory, the trumpet that proclaims the triumph of life, the triumph of life in the real concrete sense, the life of the person, not the merely abstract biological sense, the life of the species or race.

On the other side of human life there is nothing but the victory of Divine Life; and

man's part in God's life is even richer and better than man's part in his own life. So, in the words of St. Paul, death is swallowed up in victory, and the Kingdom of God utterly triumphs precisely as and when the kingdoms of men finally cease.

When, then, some Christians have asked themselves, will the end of the world occur? The answer for us is precisely the same as it was in New Testament times. We have not the faintest idea. It is not for us to know the times or seasons. The important thing, first of all, is to live to the full our life in this world, always knowing that this world is not the world without end, that the ultimate meaning of life in this world is not to be found in this world, that this world is not an end in itself.

Our Reasons for Hope

This world is partly good because God has made it, and partly bad because we have made such a mess of it. There is no more justification for overweening optimism than for exaggerated pessimism. Because we are what we are we have every reason for caution and fear, and we step into the future with a certain amount of all too rational anxiety and trepidation. But because this world is God's world we have every reason for courage and hope. It may well be that the worst will happen, but it cannot be that the worst will prevail. In proportion as we succeed in making God's purpose our purpose by subjecting ourselves utterly to the Divine Will, in proportion as we learn to share His determination to set up His Kingdom, to that extent we ourselves become invincible, invincible with an invincibility not our own but His.

In this state of mind it ceases to matter very much to us whether or not we know the time and the season of the end of the world. We shall learn to wait for and accept these things with a patience as long-suffering and unwearied as His. Here we come to the error of those small bands of enthusiastic and spiritually zealous Christians who have supposed themselves to be in a position to forecast the exact date of the end of the world. The end of the world, they may say, will take place at some precise time like 8 a.m. on March 23, 1960. We may marvel at the extraordinary precision of the forecast, but in all probability we shall have to witness stranger things even yet. It is possible that as 1960 approaches, the enthusiastic devotees of the new sect will sell all their worldly goods—although what good that will do them since they cannot possibly take the proceeds with them it is difficult to say—and then on the day itself they will array themselves in white robes, and gather together on the top of a nearby mountain. (If the world really were coming to an end they might just as well congregate in the depths of a coal mine for all the difference it could make.) This is pathetic, but perhaps it would be better if, instead of saying 'How foolish' we were to say: 'How un-biblical'.

In fact, in the New Testament parable, the

watchman on the night in which the world ends is exhorted to be found doing precisely what he should be doing on any other night—watching. The whole emphasis of the New Testament is on people being, at the end of the world, precisely where they should be: shouldering their burdens, performing their duties; feeding faith with prayer, and firmly founding prayer upon rock-like faith. Later on, in the traditional language of the Christian Church, it would be said that the important thing is to remain in a state of grace, continually aware of God's reality and our total dependence upon His power and His mercy, continually aware of God's purpose and our own part in His scheme of things. If we are to have any part in His Kingdom, His purpose must be our purpose; we must be always hopeful because He has called us into His Kingdom and He does not call in vain, always penitent because we respond to His call so inadequately.

There is a big difference between the night on which the world ends and the many other nights on which it does nothing of the kind, but from our point of view the difference must not be exaggerated. If this night is not the night on which the world ends, it is at least a night on which the world could conceivably end. Christian existence is always existence in a crisis.

The word crisis really means the same thing as judgment. Christians are people who live perched precariously on the edge of the end of the world. *Now*, in the words of St. John's Gospel, is the judgment of the world.

We are most familiar with the word 'crisis' as a newspaper or radio word. The world news in the newspapers, over the radio, on television, is heavily bespattered with the word crisis. Yet the word crisis is also a New Testament word, and perhaps we may be grateful for the fact that the course of history in this terrible twentieth century has brought it about that once more a great New Testament word is also a household word. People sometimes dream of a time when all our contemporary troubles will be over, when we shall return to something like the long nineteenth-century peace, to a reborn confidence in the possibilities of progress. This is often described as 'back to normal'; but we Christians must face the possibility that perhaps there is no back to normal, precisely because the normal of which such dreamers speak is not really normal at all. If we put contemporary events against the background of world history, it is the nineteenth century, with its long peace and its assured visions of possible progress, which appears abnormal.

The twentieth century represents a return to the true norm of life in a sinful world. We are not going back to normal precisely because we have gone back to normal. The transition has been painful but, at least and at last, we have the opportunity of living our spiritual lives in the biblical atmosphere of continual crisis, overshadowed by the constant threat of judgment and finality. We can say of contemporary history that whether the world ends tonight or in a million years' time, yet this is indeed the way in which the world ends. In material blindness and self assertion, in the absence of spiritual vision and the continual presence of personal sin, in hatred, jealousy, bitterness, and strife, this is indeed the way the world ends, and though we may in some of our very human, less inspired, moods regret the ending, we cannot in any Christian mood question its justice or doubt its mercy.

It is good to know that our world is not the world without end. Such a knowledge preserves from idolizing the world on the one hand or doubting the worthwhileness of existence on the other. It is good to know that the end of the world is the beginning of the Kingdom of God, for such a knowledge reminds us that even this temporal, passing world of ours yet has an eternal meaning and an eternal purpose.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Reith Lectures

Sir,—Professor Lovell made it clear in his final lecture that the language of science cannot yet describe the creation of the universe and that cosmology must 'eventually move over into metaphysics'. The problem of 'the validity of combining a metaphysical and physical process as a description of creation' must be left to the individual. From this it seems to follow that one might describe the origin of the universe as 'a divine event' without conflicting with the theories of cosmologists.

Lord Brabazon states (THE LISTENER, December 25) that whether we favour the 'steady-state' or 'evolutionary' theory of creation, we 'end up with the supernatural'. With respect to Lord Brabazon, I suggest that this is carrying individual interpretation too far. The word 'supernatural' implies interference with the ordinary operation of cause and effect by some agency outside the forces of nature. Nothing in Professor Lovell's observations on the universe suggested to me that any such interference from outside has occurred. The fact that the universe extends infinitely beyond the limits wherein scientific observation is possible and that its ultimate beginning transcends human comprehension does not *per se* warrant the assumption that what transcends human intelligence must be 'supernatural'. It was, after all, just this lack of evidence—that might solace the imagination—of any break in the inexorable chain of cause and effect throughout all the immensities of the cosmos that oppressed so poetic a mind as that of Thomas Hardy.

I should make it clear that these comments are not in any way intended to support a

materialistic philosophy. On the contrary, their sole purpose is to clarify and test how far an individual is free to interpret—without misunderstanding—Professor Lovell's exposition.

Yours, etc.,

Brighton, 1

MURRAY PARKS

Sir,—Not unnaturally, as a fellow scientist, I have greatly enjoyed Professor Lovell's Reith Lectures. Indeed, I was enchanted by the elegance of his approach to the dramatic echo from the moon, and I count myself fortunate to have lived to hear him give it to us. I have, however, been puzzled by his statement (in Lecture V) that 'a minute ago we were ten million miles closer to this cluster than we are now. A year ago we were a light year closer'.

A cluster 2,000 million light years away 2,000 million years ago, moving away at 37,000 miles per second would, I calculate, be now about 20 per cent. farther away. Its speed would be about 20 per cent. greater or approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ million miles per minute. A year ago the cluster would have been about a quarter of a light year closer.

There is a more fundamental question which I hoped Professor Lovell might mention: I have not seen it mentioned in accounts of the expanding universe. The observational evidence for an expanding universe is the shift in wavelength of the light from the distant stars. This shift would occur if light 'got tired' and moved more slowly after travelling for billions or trillions of miles through space. If that were so, there would be no need of an expanding universe to account for the observational evidence. The assumption of a constant velocity of light

through all time and space is naturally one which does not rest on direct experimental or observational evidence. The grounds for the rejection of the infinitesimal retardation necessary to account for the decrease of speed requisite to explain the 'red shift' ought to be explicitly stated by the exponents of the expanding universe.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

E. GOLD

Sir,—Professor Lovell has certainly given us an inspiring picture of the universe. There are, however, many people who, like Mr. Walsh, view the hypotheses of expanding universe, primeval atom, and short time scale with suspicion. These broad conceptions have about them a touch of medieval metaphysics which offends one's scientific intuition nourished on the development of ideas in geology, astronomy, and cognate sciences.

Sixty thousand million years may sound long enough. Humanly this is an unimaginable period, but so are the shorter geological durations. Today the age of the oldest accessible formations is estimated at over 2,000 million years, and this is, no doubt, only a fraction of the total age of the earth, which may be as high as 10,000 million years. It appears extremely unlikely that the age of the earth and that of the universe as a whole should be of the same order of magnitude. For this and other reasons I should like to endorse Mr. Walsh's view that alternative explanations of the red shift are to be preferred. One such simple explanation exists.

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to the action of such fields, both on the large and the small scale, and the latter may be the more important of the two. On the large scale the distribution of matter in the universe accessible to our telescopes may be substantially uniform, but galaxies tend to congregate in clusters, and there may be invisible local condensations of the extremely rarefied intergalactic gas and dust which will affect the gravitational potential in different parts of space. The vast radio haloes round the visible galaxies indicate that these are surrounded by invisible condensations of intergalactic material and in our own galaxy the interstellar gas and dust, for all their tenuity, far outweigh the total mass of stars.

In encountering these differences in local gravitational potential a beam of light will experience various random deflections, which will tend to cancel out in summation but have the effect of lengthening the path of light and thus of stretching all the wavelengths, which is the essence of the red shift. It stands to reason and can be easily shown that such red shift will increase in direct proportion to the distance of the source of light, precisely as observed.

This source of red shift is known, but is generally considered insufficient to account for the total effect. There is, however, another point which does not appear to have hitherto been taken into account.

Atomic nuclei are surrounded by powerful fields. Photons, or atoms of radiant energy, are scattered if they penetrate too close to an atomic nucleus (Compton effect), but a deflection will occur even in the case of a somewhat more distant approach. On the average this deflection will be very small and in a comparatively dense gas there may be a billion encounters within the stretch of one inch. The photons will be thrown off their path hither and thither. There will, of course, be some scattering, but again on the average the individual deflections will cancel out and the propagation of light will remain substantially rectilinear. Now for an angular deflection to have an appreciable effect of the length of the trajectory it has to operate over a substantial interval as compared with the speed of movement. Light travels at 186,000 miles a second and the intervals between the individual points of deflection in the case assumed above will be the order of one millionth of a millimetre. Consequently, there will be no detectable effect.

When, however, in the intergalactic space the distance between individual encounters approaches, say, 1,000 miles it will be of the same order of magnitude as the velocity of light and there should be an appreciable effect, which may wholly account for the observed red shift. It will, of course, be appreciated that 1,000 miles is a very small distance as compared even with only 100 million light-years, for one light-year = 5.880×10^{12} miles.

I have not investigated this idea numerically, as indeed it falls rather outside my normal sphere, but it seems to offer a highly likely explanation of the red shift, as well as possibly of continuous creation, without any vast meta-physical schemes, as eventually the velocity of light will be slowed down to zero and at this stage energy will become matter.—Yours, etc.,
V. A. FIRSOFF

Sir,—It is surely far from incontestable, as Professor Lovell suggests, 'that the steady-state

theory [of the origin of the universe] is more materialistic than the evolutionary theory'.

The belief that creation was a unique act of God has always aroused problems about his nature, as God, if he is to be God at all, must be ever the same. It is not possible to conceive of his changing from one who does not create into one who does. As the story of St. Augustine and the earnest inquirer reminds us, this is a very old problem. To the question: 'What was God doing before the Creation?' the saint gave the severe reply, 'Making hell for the inquisitive'.

The question remained unanswered, but the 'steady-state theory' of the universe, though it may raise other questions about the nature of God, contributes to the solution of that from which the saint took refuge in abruptness.

Yours, etc.,

Hampton

GEORGE WHITFIELD

[The above letters are only a selection of the large number received on this subject.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

The B.B.C. and Race Relations

Sir,—In winding up the television series 'The Inheritors', Mr. Crawley spoke twice about the 'British race' and emphasized its special 'civilizing' qualities. Having seen something at first hand of the work of British colonial administrations, I sincerely share much of Mr. Crawley's admiration. But is it really necessary to resuscitate the white man's burden at the very time when so much depends upon our getting rid of this form of ethnocentricity?

Although used unhesitatingly by public speakers in virtually every walk of life, the term 'British race' itself is scientifically meaningless. Its continued use, therefore, only serves to deepen existing popular confusion over the nature of racial differences which have nothing whatever to do with nation, culture, language, and so on.

One appreciates the intentions of the B.B.C. in producing a series like 'The Inheritors', and the Corporation is in a position very considerably to improve inter-racial understanding. It is all the greater pity, therefore, that in this and in other instances the B.B.C. does not take more pains satisfactorily to handle the implications of its important task.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 8

KENNETH L. LITTLE

Eye Disorders and the Artist

Sir,—It is late to enter the discussion on 'Eye Disorders and the Artist', but THE LISTENER of November 13 has just reached me, so that I have only just had time to become excited over the communications in it, especially over Mr. Naylor's remarks on the optics of Impressionism.

This search by Impressionists for the perceptual innocence of the retinal image seems to me to indicate that the broader aim is perhaps total objectivity, and that there may be an analogy here with the 'idée pure' or totally objective idea which the Symbolists aspired to. I am not altogether clear how this retinal innocence differs from that of the photographic camera, which is also lacking in worldly experience. The baby, and the Impressionist, would seem to have an irreducible advantage over the camera in the way of innate ideas, prenatal and inherited experience, and so on. But if the Impressionist, having

divested himself of the conceptual crust of mundane experience, having stripped his consciousness down to the retinal image, then proceeds to smudge or distort that image for purposes of persuasion, it seems to me (through my own eye of innocent inexperience) that he might almost as well have left the viewer alone in the first place with his own smudged and distorted conceptual image. Of course it may be that the Impressionist smudges and distortions, being professionally rather than amateurishly innocent, are superior to those of the viewer—but here are we not introducing value, and is not that a product of reflection, hence in conflict with both innocence and total objectivity?

What sticks more firmly in my mind is the parallel which it seems possible to make between the retinal image, if that is indeed central to Impressionism, and that other search for total objectivity (this time in the case of poetry) which Mr. Watson so brilliantly discussed in THE LISTENER of October 16, under the slogan 'a poem should not mean, but be'. Should the graphic image also 'not mean, but be'? It would certainly be interesting to inquire whether the effects of non-intentionalism in poetry resemble those of non-intentionalism (or total objectivity) in painting. Mr. Watson has mentioned multiple viewpoint as one consequence of poetical non-intentionalism; are there other optical distortions? Is there smudging, or the poetical equivalent?

There is a slogan current among American 'educationists' to the effect that 'We don't teach subjects, we teach students'—i.e., the object rather than the subject. But does not a competent schoolmaster teach both? While thinking this over, I ran across a remark of Balzac concerning Old Man Goriot '*que son sentiment irréfléchi élevait jusqu'au sublime de la nature canine*', and I wondered whether he might not have added, '*et de la nature mécanique, et de la vision rétinienne*'. Jules Romains has an essay on '*La vision extra-rétinienne*' which I have not been able to get hold of but which I should like to read, as I suspect it might throw light on this matter, perhaps more than a scientist can give, even Eddington.

Yours, etc.,

Charlottesville, Virginia

FRANCIS DUKE

Chess Champions at Play

Sir,—I wish to add a few lines to Mr. C. H. O'D. Alexander's statement (THE LISTENER, November 12) about the chess game 'Go'.

This game was of ancient Chinese origin. Written history records that it was invented by Emperor Yu (2356 B.C.), who thought his son was not a promising successor to his throne, and taught him to play chess to keep him out of mischief. He eventually abdicated in favour of Emperor Shun.

The Chinese name for the game is *Wei Chi*, the 'Chess Game of Siege', and is simplicity itself. It is played with black and white pips, somewhat in the shape of round, flat buttons, on a board of 361 squares. The object of each player is to surround the pieces of the other so that he cannot escape. The rules of the game can be learned in a few minutes, but it takes years to become an expert. It is said that in official competitions there are nine grades of players.

Yours, etc.,

Singapore

C. H. LEE

Russian Painting at Burlington House

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IT is difficult to think of any artist of the West, however capable he might be or however hard he might try, who could paint anything like the work of some of the younger Soviet artists in the exhibition of Russian painting at Burlington House. No doubt there are aged academicians who could and would plan a composition on such lines and use the same pictorial conventions but inevitably, being aged academicians, they would falter and fail to show any of the hard competence of these self-assured young men. There is, for example, a huge canvas executed in 1957 by Shatalin, painter of historical subjects, born in 1926; it shows horsemen in picturesque costumes riding across country and singing, we are informed, a song of the civil war. Could it, apart from the head-dresses, be an early Munnings? Not quite, for it is so very large, so callously efficient, and so completely unaffected by those intimations of impressionism which have sometimes made Sir Alfred look more closely at nature. Then there is 'Latvian Fishermen' by Janis Osis, reproduced here: it might have been the picture of the year in 1907 or thereabouts, and Sargent might have been shaken by the appearance on the line of so formidable a rival, but in fact it was painted in 1951 by an artist who was only twenty-five in that year.

To see how such fascinating anachronisms have been achieved we must imagine that the principal attractions of the Tate Gallery are 'When did you last see your Father?', 'Napoleon on H.M.S. "Bellerophon"', and perhaps some of the historical paintings that now adorn the House of Lords. These would be drawing such crowds that there could be no question of lending them to exhibitions abroad; small studies made by the artists for these works would be all that could be spared. Under lock and key in the deepest cellars would be the Camden Town Group, the vorticists, Paul Nash, and so on; only if you were a close and trusted friend of Sir John Rothenstein would you be allowed a glimpse of a Matthew Smith—not Sir Matthew. An Arts Council exhibition of the work of Lady Butler, Sir Herbert Read insisting on accurate study of historical costume—all would combine to enable students of the Royal

College of Art to produce bigger and better versions of 'Forward the Guns'.

All this was, of course, the result of a deliberate act of policy in the nineteen-thirties which firmly suppressed the suprematists and all such; for the same reason we are not now allowed to see Kandinsky, Chagall, Gont-

these are represented only by portraits and small studies which show that both of them were serious and accomplished painters, but their main work was great machines illustrating stirring events of Russian history, and it is clear that the young now look back to these compositions as in this country they might, if they

looked back at all, try to form their style on Cézanne or Picasso.

The influence of modern European art still shows itself faintly in the work of a few Soviet artists who were born before the revolution. There is a vigorous still-life of loaves by Mashkov (born 1881) and one may observe Petrov-Vodkin (born 1878) struggling to adapt a twentieth-century idiom to a historical subject. But then along came Johanson, justly entitled 'People's Artist of the U.S.S.R.', and in a massive canvas painted in 1933, 'Communists under Cross - Examination', he rediscovered the secrets of the Victorian academicians, the low palette, the artful lighting, the attention



'Latvian Fishermen', by Janis Osis: from the exhibition of Russian paintings at Burlington House

charowa, Larionov, the constructivists, though these would have added greatly to the interest of the exhibition. Nevertheless the decision can hardly have seemed so abrupt or disconcerting in the U.S.S.R. as it would have done in most other countries. It is clear that in Russia there has been a long tradition of narrative or anecdotal painting, just as there has been in England, but with no artists of the stature of Gainsborough, Constable, or Sickert to counter-balance it. In fact the exhibition leaves one with the impression that the Russians have produced fewer pictures of any kind than any other European nation: the largest gallery at Burlington House has had to be left empty, and in the other rooms the pictures are hung very far apart. There are one or two mildly attractive eighteenth-century works; there is a dullish follower of David, Alexander Ivanov, some attractive and well-painted portraits in the romantic manner by Bryullov, a small picture of peasant children painted by Venetsianov in 1820 which curiously anticipates Millet, paintings by Fedotov (1815-1852) which have all the charm of the better kind of Victorian narrative painting, and then not much else to be noticed until we come to the two most admired masters of the last century, Repin and Surikov. Here

to details of genre. From henceforth everyone knew how to tackle such themes as Hitler's staff in his bunker or a Russian soldier returned to the bosom of his family, a whole succession of compositions which all who ran could read. But it must be left to the expert in Soviet studies to explain why Gerasimov, said to have been Stalin's favourite painter and incessant portraitist, here contributes mildly impressionist landscapes which would be out of place in no English drawing-room.

Two rooms are hung with icons, and those who saw an exhibition of these held at South Kensington between the wars will know what to expect. Admirably cleaned and restored, stripped of their disfiguring silver ornaments, these are revealed as major works of art, both radiant and subtle in colour, the glory of Byzantine painting miraculously sustained while elsewhere the Renaissance ran its course. If it were left for these to speak, the case for anachronism would be unanswerable, but with so much said on the other side elsewhere in the exhibition the issue remains undecided; conceivably the Soviet system could produce another David or Delacroix just as well as another Lord Leighton. The exhibition opens to the public today.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Letters of John Keats
 Edited by Hyder Edward Rollins.
 Cambridge. 2 vols. £7.

Reviewed by Sir HERBERT READ

THE PUBLISHERS CLAIM that Keats's letters are the most-read body of letters in the English language, and this is probably true. There are various current texts, the best being that edited by Maurice Buxton Forman and published in 1931 by the Oxford University Press. One's first question is whether a new edition was really necessary, for as Professor Rollins admits in his introduction, Forman gives, with a few exceptions, exactly what Keats wrote. There were, however, some imperfections in the Forman edition—for example, a transposed passage in the hilarious account of a drinking party in a letter of January 5, 1818.

This letter may be taken as illustration of the chief contrast between the two editions. In Forman there are twelve footnotes to it, in Rollins fifty-two. One's first feeling is that here is another example of the obsessional scholarship that is so rife in American universities (Mr. Rollins is a Professor Emeritus of Harvard University), but a patient examination of these fifty-two footnotes proves that most of them are necessary and all of them desirable. But the consequence is that Forman's 600 pages are now increased to 880, and very little of this is due to new texts. There are seven letters or other documents signed or written by Keats that appear in no previous edition, and new texts of seven others. Most of the texts are based on an independent transcription of the originals and about sixty of the letters have been redated and rearranged. This may be regarded as the final and definitive edition of a great book. Only one thing is left for an enterprising publisher—a one-volume edition on india paper.

Now that the letters are complete and as Keats wrote them, with all the marks of his haste and improvisation, we may return to a reconsideration of their significance. Professor William Walsh, in a broadcast that was recently printed in *THE LISTENER* (October 2), dealt with what is perhaps their chief claim to our interest—their intimate revelation of what he called 'the education of the sensibility'. In this respect they are unique in English literature, and though a similar claim might be made for Rilke's letters in German, there is a difference of pace and of attitude that give a more acute pathos to the letters of the English poet.

It is surprising how brief a period they cover—the significant letters not more than five years, whereas Rilke's spread over a normal lifetime. But the real difference between these two poets is a question of feeling. In Rilke's letters (especially those dealing specifically with poetry) one is never sure that one is listening to the 'true voice'. A self-conscious complexity, an elaborate intention, a self-indulgence, lead to spiritual arrogance. Finally it is a question, as Professor Walsh said, of humility, and of the right kind of humility. Rilke professed one kind, but he cultivated it as some people cultivate their sorrows. Keats's humility was a part of his nature, and 'the idea of being a

great poet', which was certainly an idea entertained by Rilke, filled him with horror. What makes these letters so valuable is their debunking of the bardic notion of poetry—the notion that the poet has a mission, moral or political or even social, that should direct the course of his inspiration. Great poets are various—the clash between Keats and Wordsworth is near enough evidence of it—'some are good squares, others handsome ovals, and others orbicular, others spheroid—and why should there not be another species with two rough edges like a Rat-trap?' This sentence comes from the famous letter which compares human life to a Large Mansion of Many Apartments, which does indeed imply a sense of values, a progress in poetic sensibility, and the possibility that the greatest discoveries are made in the darkest passages of the human soul. The true poet is the archetypal child, holding up a light, as in Picasso's *Minotauramachia*, to reveal the secrets of the mind's labyrinth. But the light is a symbol of child-like innocence, and the poet carries it through the darkest passages in the mansion of life, until his nerves are convinced 'that the world is full of Misery and Heart-break, Pain, Sickness, and Oppression'.

There is one further practical advantage in this new edition—the index. Forman's index was fairly satisfactory, twenty-nine double-columned pages, but this new edition has more than fifty. There is also a detailed calendar of the events in the life of Keats, and biographical sketches (not so complete as in Forman) of Keats's correspondents. The price of the volumes seems excessive, especially as there was a grant towards the costs of publication from the Pforzheimer Foundation.

Molière: The Misanthrope. Translated by Richard Wilbur. Faber. 18s.

Of all Molière's plays *Le Misanthrope* presents the most delicate of problems to the translator—fidelity to a particular tone underlying the text. There is no comic masterpiece quite so personal as is this, for Alceste is Molière even though Molière was never quite Alceste. If we could have been present at his own production of the play with himself as Alceste, with his wife Armande playing opposite him as Célimène, with his mistress Catherine de Brie in the part of Eliante, we might have been able to judge, as we never quite can from the text, the exact frontier between caricature and personal portrayal. '*Le Misanthrope*', observes Mr. Wilbur acutely, 'is not only a critique of society, it is also a study of impurity of motive in a critic of society'. Molière was such a critic and he was aware of those twists in himself where motives grow muddled. To complicate matters further the play has had a history of constant transformation at the hands of actors. Immediately after Molière's death the piece was revived with an actor who smoothed out the roughnesses in Alceste to placate those at Court who suspected a libel on themselves, and the tradition of a noble Alceste was established. When subsequent revivals brought the play into the orbit of Romanticism, Alceste's sincerity was endowed with all the sombre attributes of Rousseau.

Can Molière's comic Alceste be recovered? Is it possible that he can be recovered in an English verse translation? The attempt has been made by Mr. Richard Wilbur, an American poet of great versatility and distinction. He has lived with the play and he has been given the time to think about it (how enviously an English poet must ponder the grants which enabled Mr. Wilbur to spread his work over two years—to begin his translation in New Mexico and to finish it in Rome). The result is a version which leaps forward with exuberant impetus, and if his interpretation of a phrase here and there can be questioned, these are small points which in no way hinder his intuitive grasp of what Molière was after. He has responded with exceptional verve to those passages where Molière's language has lightness and flexibility. Where Molière gives his verse weight—a kind of inner sobriety and discipline—the result is not always so sure. At times we overhear a petulant rather than a truculent Alceste. Or is this because we are over-sensitive to the possibility that English actors, with their tradition of rattle and artifice as proper to their wholly imaginary Versailles, may turn Molière into Marivaux? Mr. Wilbur's translation is really so good and so demands to be put on the stage that it would be a pity if it gave this tradition any rope.

H. G. WHITEMAN

The War against Japan, Vol. II. By Major-General S. Woodburn Kirby, and others. H.M.S.O. £2 15s.

The first of the five volumes comprising the official history of the war against Japan appeared a year ago. In it was recorded a depressing series of disasters—Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore, and the Dutch East Indies. This second volume deals mainly with the Burma campaign which, in its earlier stages, presented an equally depressing picture; but by the summer of 1943, which is as far as the story goes here, the tide had already begun to turn. Both sides, at that stage, were planning to launch offensives during the coming dry weather, while in the other theatres of war covered in this volume—the Pacific, Indian Ocean, and Madagascar—the Allies had already regained the initiative, and what Wavell in May 1942 had called 'India's darkest hour' had passed.

In much the same way as we had deluded ourselves about Malaya's 'impenetrable jungles' and Singapore's 'impregnable fortress', so Burma had never, until too late, been regarded as liable to attack by a major power. Moreover, despite representations from Delhi, Whitehall seemed unable to decide whether to regard Burma as a bastion of India or as a base area for Singapore. As a result, when the Japanese struck, the country was completely unprepared and it was only then, after years of controversy, that it was placed under India's control for defence. Its land communications with India, however, were limited to one unbridged track and some jungle paths; and as India's own defences were planned to meet the traditional threat from the north-west and hardly took the possibility of attack from the north-east into

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consideration, land communications with Burma were virtually non-existent. Apart, therefore, from a vivid and detailed description of the operations in Burma, the story unfolded in these pages is largely the story of frantic but magnificent efforts, against overwhelming odds, to transform India into a base for the recovery of Burma by building up road and railway communications, airfields and supply depots, and the vast administrative services required for their establishment and maintenance.

The drama of the fall of Singapore and Hong Kong, which high-lighted the first volume, may be lacking in this second; but dramatic incidents and situations are here in plenty—the Sittang bridge disaster, the escape of the Rangoon garrison by an almost miraculous chance, the thousand-mile retreat of the British and Indian forces under the most appalling topographical and climatic conditions, the gallant experiment of long-range penetration behind the enemy lines by Wingate's Chindits, who thereby showed the possibilities of supplying land forces by air. These are but a few of the high-lights of the operations in Burma. They are closely paralleled in dramatic effect by the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway, the naval operations off Ceylon (in which, by a fortunate coincidence, the main body of our Eastern Fleet escaped almost certain destruction), and the operations which centred on Papua and Guadalcanal.

The main object of an official history, however, is to examine and draw lessons from the operations and circumstances described. In this lies the chief value of the volume under review, which fully maintains the high standard of lucidity and balance set by its predecessor. Here we see the faults and virtues of individual commanders and units brought to light. Wavell, Alexander, Hutton, Smyth, Stilwell, and Chiang Kai-shek are among the Allied personalities whose views and actions are submitted to scrutiny. Nor have the authors been afraid to pay tribute to the ability of their Japanese opponents. But it is Chiang who emerges more tarnished than anyone else, his shilly-shallying and failure to implement promises being revealed as important contributory causes of the loss of Burma in 1942 and of the Japanese success in Arakan the following year.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY

Tupu-Tupu-Tupu. By P. Krott.

Hutchinson. 21s.

Of the four larger beasts of prey that inhabit northern Europe—the bear, wolf, lynx, and glutton—least is known about the life and habits of the glutton or wolverine, the 'tupu' of this book. It is an animal about the size of a large badger, but in build it more closely resembles the marten; with them it is a member of the large family typified by the weasel, stoat, and polecat. Its general colour is dark brown with lighter streaks on the brow, the flanks, and the base of the rather short bushy tail. It is popularly supposed to be fierce and savage and destructive to game and domestic animals. It is, however, extremely shy and wary and thus difficult to trap or shoot, and has become the subject of many fantastic legends in northern lands where it has an evil reputation, and where huge bounties are paid for its destruction. This book will do much to clear its character which is not nearly so dark as its beautiful fur.

The author is an Austrian who worked as a dealer in wild animals in Finland. During the course of his business he hand-reared several young wolverines and found they made the most delightful pets, full of interest and affection. He became so absorbed in them that he gave up business, and used his capital to buy a tract of forest and lake which he turned into a private nature reserve where he could pursue his interests freely. When financial difficulties forced him to abandon this ambitious scheme he found help in Sweden to carry out an even more unusual experiment. He proposed to take a number of his tame wolverines and release them in a remote part of the country in order to learn as much as possible about their habits and way of life when completely free. To his surprise the Swedish Forestry Department approved his plans and allowed him to live in a forester's house in one of the State forests, and the Swedish Game Preservation Society granted him a small salary. He installed his pets which were semi-domesticated but often wandered away for days before coming back to him. He was able to trace their movements and to learn many things of the greatest interest about their habits and behaviour, as well as observing those of a truly wild male wolverine that was attracted to the neighbourhood by one of his tame females.

But wolverines are great travellers; each has its private hunting territory covering many square miles, and a journey of twenty-five miles in a night is nothing unusual. This led to trouble, for his wolverines had the misfortune of straying on to the shooting grounds of the local week-end sportsmen, who were quite unreasonably furious. Such was the popular prejudice against wolverines that a controversy developed that made headlines in the Swedish newspapers for months, but the author stood his ground and was able to do a great deal of work before he finally had to give up.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

He Died Old: Mithradates Eupator King of Pontus. By Alfred Duggan.

Faber. 18s.

Ever since, almost a generation ago, the late Robert Byron and Sir Steven Runciman started what may now be called the Byzantine Revival, interest in the lands and peoples of the nearer east has progressively quickened. Oil and politics have deepened the interest into concern. As a result there has over the past thirty years been a profound change in the attitude of the West to the whole region. No longer is it regarded as having always been, like the hither end of the Mediterranean, the appanage of Rome or of Rome's heirs. It is now recognized that the Levant has for millennia been one of the most generative and self-possessed areas of the world. Before Rome was, the Levant is.

Mr. Duggan has chosen as the subject of his latest study the man who, in the name of his ancient Graeco-Parthian inheritance, was one of the last rulers of the Levant to resist Rome. He kept them at bay for a lifetime, and on one occasion he even defeated the Roman legion in the field. His name was Mithradates Eupator, and he was king of Pontus, that is of what is now northern Turkey, though at different periods of his life he was king of much else besides: he lived from 132 to 63 B.C. Mithradates was, as Mr. Duggan puts it, 'that freak of nature, the absolute monarch who improved

with age'. From the age of twenty, he was confronted with domestic treachery, which he overcame by taking daily a small prophylactic dose of the poison in use by his family, and so building up a complete immunity to it. The Roman menace was harder to counteract; but with that political radar with which all good Levantine rulers are endowed, he succeeded for years, sometimes by steel, sometimes by guile, often by gold. Even when he had been defeated by Lucullus, he was to see Lucullus unseated by his own countrymen. It was only Pompey the Great who finally routed the old patriot; and his end, which came to him after an astounding march through Georgia to found a new kingdom in the Crimea, was due not to Rome but to a grandson who was tired of waiting. Even in his death, Mithradates prolonged the liberty of the frontier peoples. Pompey was besieging Petra, the rose red city, when he heard of the death of his old foe. At once he raised the siege, and made off towards Rome and a triumph. So the kingdom of the Arabs remained un-Roman for another 170 years.

The book is written with vivid assurance. Mr. Duggan is a lamp, not a mirror. He has not just looked up the facts: he has lived for long with his characters. He describes them as a candid friend. Romans and Greeks and Parthians, men and women alike, they stand out in the round. He is fluent and witty. To all those who like a good tale well told, this book is truly to be commended. It has an index, a family tree, and a good map.

STEWART PEROWNE

Culture and History: Prolegomena to the Comparative Study of Civilizations. By Philip Bagby.

Longmans. 30s.

Mr. Bagby has had an ingenious idea. Raised years ago by J. B. Bury, the question 'Is history a science?' has been categorically answered in the negative. In *The Whig Interpretation of History* (1931), for example, Professor Butterfield declares: 'The eliciting of general truths or of propositions claiming universal validity is the one kind of consummation which it is beyond the competence of history to achieve'. Mr. Bagby does not recall those words, but he has imagined that the refusal of history to be scientific might be got round and nullified if we were to apply to history the 'concepts and methods' of anthropology, especially 'cultural anthropology'. He seeks experimentally to interpret history in terms of 'cultures'. In the end he takes nine 'major civilizations' including our own—a 'civilization' being for him a large and complex 'culture'—and by comparison adduces a would-be scientific answer to the question whether or not European civilization is soon to pass away. He reports that he finds no comparative evidence for Toynbee's expectation that it is.

The undertaking will be important only if it enables readers to discover for themselves why it is utterly wrong-headed. Then the price of the volume, and the time and trouble spent on reading it, will be amply repaid. Because not only is Mr. Bagby deluded, and not only is his delusion almost childishly elementary, but it is widely shared, so that the elaborate hocus-pocus which it inspires is pursued on a vast scale in the seats of learning of the whole world. In

the present instance, the author stakes his all on the anthropological term 'culture'. That alone is fatal. It is a word both equivocal and superfluous. Tylor (the first anthropologist) may have wished to use it as a synonym for 'civilization', but in practice he vacillates, and since him no two anthropologists (or sociologists) have been able to agree on a meaning. Notably, as Cassirer has pointed out, Tylor fancied that the manners and beliefs of primitive peoples were homogeneous with those of 'advanced' or evolved peoples, but Lévy-Bruhl—whom Mr. Bagby does not name—thought the opposite, and has his equally respectable followers.

Mr. Bagby acknowledges a debt to the American, Professor A. L. Kroeber, and the latter's critical review of 'concepts and definitions' of 'culture'. It is significant that he nevertheless feels called upon to 're-define' the word. He says that it means 'regularities in the behaviour of a society'. He does not specify what regularities he has in mind except by calling them a little later 'cultural regularities'. He recognizes Matthew Arnold's entirely different understanding of the word, but hardly takes into account that this understanding is still current, as in Mr. Raymond Williams's *Culture and Society*, published only the other day.

Once the term 'cultures'—fatal in itself, as has been said—is exchanged for the word 'regularities', we are brought in addition into the direct presence of the anthropologist or sociological delusion. Even if the 'regularities' are selected not at random but at will, it remains a delusion that social phenomena can be studied thanks to some simulation of the 'concepts and methods' of physics or chemistry. The delusion has nowhere been more devastatingly exposed than by Professor F. A. Hayek in *The Counter-Revolution of Science* (1952). Hayek's central point is that the data of the social sciences are subjective. He says: 'Most of the objects of social or human action are not "objective facts" in the special narrow sense in which this term is used by the Sciences and contrasted to "opinions", and they cannot at all be defined in physical terms'. Hence anthropology or sociology can no more yield scientific predictions than can history.

MONTGOMERY BELGION

Russian Fiction and Soviet Ideology

By Ernest J. Simmons.

Oxford, for Columbia. 38s.

A Western writer's stature is eventually determined for good or ill by what may be called the consensus of informed opinion. It is only to a limited extent that Soviet writers pass through any such filter in their own country where they tend to be assessed by semi-officials operating largely on the basis of non-literary criteria. In the West their works are hardly known at all.

Professor Simmons's expedition into this almost virgin jungle has been as profitable as it has been risky. Although Struve's *Soviet Russian Literature* remains the outstanding general survey of any Russian literary period, in English, it is very much of a handbook to which one turns for essential data rather than stimulus. Of the numerous writers there described Professor Simmons now selects for more intensive and imaginative study three important novelists: Fedin, Leonov, and Sholokhov.

Of these authors' work only Sholokhov's *Quiet*

Don (masquerading in abridged translation as two novels, *Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Don Flows Home to the Sea*) is widely known in England and America. It may have suffered somewhat from its best-seller status and one reads from time to time disparaging comments suggesting that it is a kind of inferior Soviet *Gone with the Wind*. Professor Simmons restores it to its rightful place as a masterpiece of our age. This must be the first occasion on which the tragic dilemma of the novel's hero, Grigory Melekhov, has been analysed so fully with such sympathetic understanding. Sholokhov's other novel, the important but relatively unknown *Virgin Soil Upturned*, is also analysed with subtlety and convincingly assessed.

Professor Simmons has also been successful in his exposition of the neglected Fedin, bringing out with great skill the latent conflicts so painstakingly delineated in that author's work. But Fedin is much less attractive as a novelist than he is as a quarry for ruminations on various characteristic phases in the graph of a typical Soviet intellectual's adaptation to Soviet 'actuality'. His heroes' conflicts usually have an over-cerebrated air about them and his control of the craft of narration is less sure than Simmons implies. Fedin is a featherweight by the side of Sholokhov.

The cruiser-weight Leonov receives the least satisfactory treatment of the three. Here is an author whose approach is too obliquely labyrinthine for most readers, as it has been partly so for Professor Simmons. Leonov's work abounds in grotesquely outrageous episodes which demand treatment more flamboyant than this blandly urbane pen can supply. Thus on Leonov our critic is usefully informative, but conveys little of his eccentric subject's elusive flavour.

RONALD HINGLEY

Jerusalem. By M. Join-Lambert.

Elek Books. 30s.

The attempt to compress the history of Jerusalem from 1000 B.C. till A.D. 1187 into two hundred pages is a daring undertaking. Jerusalem's history makes even that of Byzantium seem recent and uneventful and its sanctity outdoes even Rome's. Jews, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Saracens, Crusaders, Turks have all laid their hands and left their mark upon it. It has become the meeting-point, and often the point of conflict, of three great religions. It is full of the tangled architectural debris of a series of cultures. Famous names in its history mingle with notorious atrocities. It is at once a focus of religious devotion and a fountain of distorting legend. It might seem impossible to give any clear and useful account of so varied an historical kaleidoscope.

But M. Join-Lambert (who writes in French but is well served by his translator Charlotte Haldane) has succeeded in his task amazingly well. He strikes the medium wisely between pious legend and bleak historical evidence. He has a skilful hand in the difficult art of compressing history and selecting the relevant incidents. He impresses the reader as an accurate and fair writer who has an affection, but not a sentimental affection, for his subject. His bibliography, given at the end, has an impressive weight and width, but he has written what is, in the best sense of the word, a popular book. He gives plenty of attention to the eye gate; there are several maps and plans of the city and

the book is adorned by many magnificent photographs. The attention which he pays to the architecture of Jerusalem is particularly welcome. One is struck, for instance, by the beauty of the interior of the Mosque of Al-Aqsa, and saddened by the dreary appearance of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, emphasized by the deplorable habit of the eastern Churches of cluttering up their sanctuaries with hanging lamps. M. Join-Lambert deserves congratulations for a piece of work which is remarkable as much for brilliant condensation as for brilliant illustration.

As he covers so wide a range, it is not surprising that he can be detected in a few mistakes. It is not accurate to say that when the daily sacrifice in the Temple was stopped in A.D. 70 it 'had continued uninterruptedly during centuries' and that it now 'ceased for the first time' (page 98); the daily sacrifice had been interrupted by Antiochus Epiphanes in the middle of the second century B.C. for several months (Daniel 8, 11). The name of Hadrian's favourite should be given as Antinous, not Anthony (pages 103-4). And the author does not seem to realize (page 106) that Odenathus and Zenobia were husband and wife.

R. P. C. HANSON

Motif, a Journal of the Visual Arts.

Shenval Press. 20s. an issue, £3 5s.

a year.

Motif is a descendant of those admirable and perhaps rather more happily named journals *Typography*, *Alphabet and Image*, and *Image*, but it is addressed to a wider public; it is grander, glossier and more seductive. Moreover, although it carries articles on three new book faces and on the type foundry of Vincent Figgins—articles which are not likely to be of absorbing interest to those who are not printers—there is a great deal here which belongs to the general world of art. There is an article on photographic imitations of fine art during the nineteenth century by Helmut Gernsheim adorned by some memorable illustrations, an essay on Lurcat and *le Beau Livre* by W. J. Strachan, a provocative but, in my opinion, thoroughly right-headed article by Edward Ardizzone on the subject of illustration and the teaching of illustration (this, in itself, makes it necessary for every art school to obtain a copy of the first number of *Motif*), eight very charming drawings by Lynton Lamb, a penetrating study of the modern art student by Richard Guyatt, photographs of the sculpture of Elizabeth Frank with a pæan by Laurie Lee, and a note by George Nash on a very strange water colour by John Parry.

Having enumerated the contents what else can the reviewer say? Perhaps he should mention the numerous illustrations which, needless to say, are very well reproduced, and he may perhaps conclude by giving it as his opinion that the general standard is high enough, that is to say that, as a picture book, *Motif* is pleasing and that, as a vehicle for ideas, it may well become extremely valuable, although in this department there is as yet more promise than performance. This is certainly more than can be said of most journals that deal with the visual arts. Here is a compact and elegant book, well bound, well edited, and well produced, in short another minor pleasure in life for which we may well be grateful.

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Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Christmas Roundabout

WHY DO SOME interviewers put their subjects on the defensive? Examples: 'But don't you find this rather dull?', 'Don't you wish you were



Two film studies from 'Monitor' on December 21: above, the face of the Madonna, painted by Velasquez; below, Ronald Searle, the cartoonist, at work in his studio

doing something else?', and so on. It is almost as if they were trying to cast doubts on the validity of other people's lives, and deliberately failing to catch, and sympathize with, the mood and views of those they are questioning. Polly Elwes does not usually offend in this way, but I thought she did when she interviewed some Canterbury Cathedral choirboys in a pre-Christmas 'Tonight'. They were obviously enjoying themselves, and performing a necessary (and beautiful) service; Miss Elwes, for some reason, seemed to be trying to make them feel sorry for themselves. One boy was interested in music and produced his clarinet. 'Don't you want to go in for jazz?' asked Miss Elwes, disapprovingly. 'Much more money'. He didn't, and shook his head pityingly. You have to be a very strong personality to stand up to some of these interviews; otherwise you may end up a totally different personality from the one you were at the start.

Full marks, though, to one interviewer last week. In 'Panorama' (December 22) Christopher Chataway could not have found it easy to restrain himself while talking to the Jehovah's Witnesses; but he managed it commendably, with the result that we were able to savour to the full the highly peculiar views of this sect. They believe that Armageddon is due any day now, and that they alone of the living will be saved. This ferocious Calvinism, combined with extreme Old Testament literalism, did not seem to me to have much connexion with Christianity: one speaker let a child die for want of a blood-transfusion because 'the Bible says you must not take blood': if I heard this aright, it seems to be a piece of linguistic ignorance which would be funny if the result had not been tragic. People are entitled to their own views, but not when these harm the innocent. Quakers would say that the Witnesses were suffering from a 'notion'. One could also think of less polite words.

The Jehovah's Witnesses also objected—needless to say—to Christmas: not just on the reasonable grounds that what most of us celebrate is a pagan and commercial holiday, but on the curious grounds that there are no instructions to keep Christmas in the Bible. Certainly television has provided its share of ammunition for potential Scrooges. Nothing could have been more vulgar than a film purporting to be the autobiography of a turkey, and purporting also to be funny, which 'Tonight' (blotting its copy-book at last) included in its contributions to Christmas jollity. It was enough to turn one vegetarian and Jehovah's Witness into the bargain. A day or two later, though, Alan Whicker came to the rescue with a fascinating report on a New York institution, the Bowery Santa Claus who stand on the street-corners collecting for charity (which includes themselves).

Those who still regard Christmas as a climax of the Christian as distinct from the shopping year, may have found their most seasonable programme in 'Meeting Point' (December 21) when Father George Potter spoke of his forty-five years spent in the service of the poor of south-east London. He looked astonishingly young for a man of seventy-two. He began life in a private detective's office at five shillings a week. After ordination he took over the derelict parish of



St. Chrysostom, Peckham. As there was no vicarage he lived in a pub which bore the sign 'under new management'. With humour and firmness (he does not reject corporal punishment) he has handled more than 900 boys, only twenty-eight of whom came from decent homes, and has put into practice in Her Majesty's Prisons and around the Old Kent Road the words of St. Matthew, chapter 25, verse 35.

E. M. Forster's appearance in 'Monitor' (December 21) was a complete and happy surprise: a pre-Christmas treat. With characteristic modesty Mr. Forster spoke first about Cambridge—'a place for the very old and the very young: the middle-aged should get out'—and it was Cambridge we saw first on our screens. But gradually the camera moved towards the close-up, right into what Rickie in *The Longest Journey* called 'one's own college which looked like nothing else in the world'. And there was the novelist himself, to reaffirm his belief in tolerance and personal relations and enjoyment of life. His only regret—and ours—was that he

had not written more novels. 'I am not a great novelist', he said; his admirers will be more likely to agree with V. S. Pritchett that he has changed the character of English society. Mr. Forster's talk appears elsewhere in this issue, which bears the date of his eightieth birthday. We all wish him many happy returns.

The rest of 'Monitor' seemed, inevitably, commonplace. There were two gallant attempts to do something about art. The illustrated interviews with three cartoonists failed because a whole succession of cartoons must be first-rate if they are to be funny. Messrs Searle and Lancaster seemed to me merely frivolous. Only André François took his work seriously; and he was the only one I was not bored with.

A more ambitious experiment was the screening of some dozen portraits of the Madonna. 'You could', said Huw Wheldon, 'study the whole history of painting with reference to this one subject'. Maybe, but not with the pictures succeeding one another far too quickly for any one to be retained, let alone compared with any other; and with the names of the artists being called out like railway stations.

As it happened we were away for Christmas Day, guests in a house that was incidentally without a television set. But my screen-sitter reported to me that the 'Royal Prologue' to the Queen's broadcast could hardly have been better done.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

A Great Piece of Acting

WERE I COMPELLED to make one of those 'Best of the Year' awards, which seem to me essentially futile since artists are not to be ranked 1, 2, 3, like horses in a race, I would certainly consider Thora Hird's performance in 'So Many Children' (December 27). Gerald Savory's piece about the keeper of a lodging-house for the difficult cases passed on to her by the probation officer might have been given the glutinous succulence of a Christmas trifle. Aggie Thompson, the woman in question, had a secret and desperately unhappy life and knew also that she was dying. Yet she plodded on with the service of her problem 'children': a tense, repressed, angry German girl, a doddering ex-burglar turned night-watchman, and a young ex-trawler-crew loafer and playboy.

With good dialogue to work on and a good production by John Harrison, Thora Hird not only completely rescued this heroine of the mean streets from becoming a tear-jerking foster-mum; she made me believe without hesitation in the actuality of Aggie Thompson. The strength of this actress lies partly in her range: as a comedienne she can ride triumphantly on the rough tide of saloon-bar bicker and banter, as she recently showed in Walter Greenwood's 'Saturday Night at the Crown'. So all the scolding, well earned by her lodgers, had the right gusty mixture of tartness and kindness, while the passages in which her own heart-break was gradually emerging were taken with a superbly controlled pathos. False emphasis here would have drowned the whole story in a sweet lachrymosity. But there was not a false step, no



Scene from 'So Many Children' on December 27, with Thora Hird as Aggie Thompson, Richard Goolden (foreground) as Slippy Wokingham; and (background) Nora Nicholson as Cornelia Brigham, and Denis Quilley as Paul Latimer

touch of exaggeration. I shall not forget Miss Hird's brisk presence and haunting departure; here was a welcome and wonderful change from the routine jollification of the Christmas programme.

Amid those revels Jack Warner explained, during the B.B.C.'s 'Christmas Night with the Stars', why 'Dixon of Dock Green' would go on pounding the beat as a P.C. instead of presiding at a desk with stripes on his arm and some rest for his hard-worked feet. The sad story of Dixon's threatened ruin (for being a bit too kind) was also brought to a happy conclusion with most of the local force almost sobbing on his behalf. Some stickiness here, but a tribute was due, as ever, to Arthur Rigby as the crusty-kindly sergeant and the rest of the Dock Green 'bluebottles' for telling the tale with reasonable astringency.

The Christmas party had the welcome presence of Tony Hancock as, of all things, a budgerigar who wants his millet quick and no petting with slobbering nonsense. On Boxing Day we got back to 'Hancock's Half-Hour' with the expected and admirable company of Sidney James. Fun in a film studio might have been the usual fol-de-rol. But Hancock, whose thirty minutes run all too fast, is incapable of being usual.

'Love from a Stranger' (December 26) a play of 1936 based by the late Frank Vosper on a story by Agatha Christie, seemed almost incredibly silly. (Surely the standard of thrillers has risen since then.) The villain created suspicion in every move he made. That any woman of property could have stepped straight into such obviously nefarious arms was most unlikely. The only hope was to choose for the part a person whose looks proclaimed serene stupidity. Clare Austin has a sharp, intelligent air, and this bit of casting turned the unlikely into the impossible. That woman would have smelled a dozen rats in a dozen minutes. She gave a praiseworthy performance, as did Emrys Jones as her would-be murderer. Mr. Jones has earned a rest from the routine of sex-appealing assassins; so have viewers.

Within eight days we had two late Victorians. Wilde, in 'An Ideal Husband' produced last Sunday by Hal Burton, gummed the second best of his epigrams on to a third-rate plot. Would a rising politician, tempted to sell a Cabinet secret at a great price, send it along in writing instead of putting a word in the rich buyer's ear? Of course not. But in plays of the period people did that sort of thing, because compromising letters were the stencils of strong society drama. Wilde was content to use this stencil; furthermore, as if one 'fatal missive' were not enough, there had to be another compromising

a faithful wife. If the accompanying chatter had included Wilde's wittiest all might have been well. But it did not.

The acting ran on two levels. Faith Brook, Tony Britton, and Marie Lohr had the right formality of delivery for the formal style of the writing, while Sarah Lawson and Ronald Leigh-Hunt were modernly realistic. In any case Miss Lawson seemed too young for her part. The mixture of methods made a poor play seem worse, but I enjoyed all the work of the first three and the growling of Andrew Cruickshank as an angry old milord.

Pinero's 'The Magistrate' (December 20) created rather less than hilarious fun. This kind of late-Victorian jest, chaste cousin to the French essays in this kind, needs the animation of the living theatre and, above all, the en-

couragement of an audience out to enjoy itself. The piece uses the familiar comedy-situation of husband and wife dining out unaware of each other in adjacent rooms of a restaurant likely to be raided by the police: it includes exposure to wind and weather on a tottering balcony, attempted arrest of a solemn magistrate, and a run from the police. Frankly farcical, it provided an actor of Frank Pettingell's quality with plenty of scope for bumbling and harassed magisterial absurdity. But I expect to appreciate the 'period' buffoonery better when it is propelled later on, at the Old Vic, to an audience assembled and assisting with ready laughter.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Faith and Laughter

CHRISTMAS LISTENING was pleasantly light and digestible this year. It was memorable, too. Included in the seasonal offerings were two works which marked a development of a form peculiar to sound broadcasting, and I hazard the prophecy that either or both of them will become points of reference. They were Miss Nesta Pain's adaptation of Professor C. Northcote



Oscar Wilde's 'An Ideal Husband' on December 28, with Tony Britton (left) as Viscount Goring, Faith Brook as Mrs. Cheveley, and Ronald Leigh-Hunt as Sir Robert Chiltern



Scene from Pinero's 'The Magistrate' on December 20, with Frank Pettingell (centre of back row) as Mr. Posket

Parkinson's *Parkinson's Law* and Mr. Peter Gurney's 'The Foundling'. 'Parkinson's Law' was light satire and cannot be compared, weight for weight, with Mr. Gurney's sound portrait of a boy's search for faith and discovery of disillusionment in a fourteenth-century church. There were, however, similarities in technique. Both plays employed music and resorted to Brechtian rhymes.

'Parkinson's Law', using the lyrics of Mr. David Heneker and Mr. Monty Norman, set to Mr. Antony Hopkins's music, produced effects which recalled Menotti and at times Gilbert and Sullivan. There was also a trace of the intimate revue; and I found myself wondering why this particular genre has not influenced sound broadcasting more in the past. Possibly the genre has been waiting for composers like Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Humphrey Searle, who wrote the music for 'The Foundling'. Mr.



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Searle in fact reminded me that Brecht would have been nowhere without the music of Weil. Mr. Gurney's script was beautiful but it needed the balancing beauties of Mr. Searle's music to succeed.

But to the story of 'The Foundling', which is no less interesting than the techniques employed to put it across. A boy playing in a 600-year-old East Anglian church gives life in his imagination to the carvings in stone and wood that adorn the church. He goes so far in his illusion that he imagines that the devils, horses, doves, griffons, pelicans, and others are alive. While he is day-dreaming in the church a tramp enters, and he believes the tramp to be God. Belial, writhing in his miserico, has already promised his destruction—'If God were dead'. While the boy knows that God (the tramp) lives, he feels safe; but there comes a day when he enters the crypt to find the tramp dead. Fearing that the gargoyles will break from the stone and that the devils will rise from their wooden prisons, he runs away from home and gets lost in the Breckland.

When he is found he tells his father what has happened, and his father takes him to the church to show him that the devils are only stone and wood after all. The illusion that the devils exist also destroys the illusion that the good beasts exist. When St. Francis's hymn is played in church again (to a beautiful setting by Mr. Searle) the animals no longer join in, and the boy is left with an adult belief in God and the destruction of his childhood fantasy. Mr. Gurney allows the Rector to quote from the Epistle to the Corinthians, and it is clear that he is intent upon revealing that moment when belief supersedes make-believe and childish things are put away. Lane Macnamara gave a wonderful portrait of the boy, and I am sure that Mr. Gurney must be very grateful to Mr. Raymond Raikes who produced this radio work of art.

In Variety the programmes had the usual seasonal flavour. The Lyon family struck me as being the most successful in providing the kind of amusement that goes well with heavy meals. They have been with us so long that they could never be accused of intruding. Their humour is always gentle and they reminded me of those blessed people who think up ways of amusing Christmas gatherings which do not involve anyone else in discomfort.

Their formula might be copied with benefit by the team of 'Take It From Here', which began as a successor to Handley's great show and which seems to be showing signs of deterioration. The Glums have become the central feature in this programme, and Mr. Edwards's wit does not always strike me as being particularly pleasant.

Mr. Tony Hancock, on the other hand, seems to possess a gentler talent which comes near to the slow-quick-quick-slow methods of that great artist Mr. Eric Barker. Mr. Edwards seems to bully too much and is less funny. He is not, however, less funny than Mr. Frankie Howerd, who seems to believe that it is a joke to crack a joke that is an old joke.

I have left the Goons till last. Like the Foreign Office spokesman commenting on the first sputnik, I am afraid that the programme 'is rather out of my sphere'. The vintage Goon programmes earlier in the year show that the Goons now have, in contrast, no feet on the ground at all.

They seem to be in free fall and their humour expanding into the realms of intergalactic space. At one time Mr. Greenslade held the guy ropes of the balloon but he too now seems to be in orbit. The programme is still great but there are moments when it terrifies me.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Hunting the Hare

WHAT, AS THE YEAR turns over and heaves a dyspeptic sigh of post-Christmas congestion, what do we want more, and less of, in the way of spoken programmes, from solo talks and get-togethers to excursions, interviews, panoramas, and poetry? If the question itself sounds a bit congested, it only bespeaks the difficulty of the problem. The best-laid schemes, in the way of programmes, can congeal into transparent artifice, and the best-written talk can freeze, if served up with an icy accent. Spontaneity is of course the secret, the quarry that can dodge the most scientific hunter, and then lope out across the path of the casual pedestrian. It seems to be a quality more to be found than sought, but you never know your luck.

Perhaps there are really two kinds of spontaneity: the one unconscious and heaven-sent (which the producer and programme-builder must hunt up and cherish, without over-nursing it); the other based, like that of a prima ballerina, on the apparently effortless ease of life-long practice. Sir Max Beerbohm was a prime exponent of this second kind, and among recent examples, or near-examples, of which we were given snatches, I could mention the Cassons, for instance, or Robert Graves. And during the past week we had James Thurber.

The first kind of spontaneity can be found flourishing anywhere; by which I don't mean that it is easy to find, but simply that it is quite capricious about its habitat. In the past few months we have had examples of it from Hoxton and Crawley New Town, Birmingham and Manchester. Tape-recording has made it so much easier to catch the live word on the wing. It has perceptibly altered and improved some kinds of programme-building; though the old style still lingers. And here I should put in a contradictory word of affection for certain kinds of halting speech. A Shetlander, or a Fijian, however obviously he may be reading his words and stumbling over them, can still convey a world of atmosphere in his voice; easy to parody, of course, but eloquent in itself. It is when a speaker freezes into competent nonentity that the attention falters. We can't imagine who it is we are listening to.

On the more collective side, when is a discussion not a discussion? When it is a symposium. This form is invaluable but it can be misapplied. Examples of how and how not to do it occurred lately within the same week. The programme on the State and the Arts started and stayed cold. The recorded speakers said their official say in turn, each making a pronouncement to no one in particular. Much factual information emerged. But the total impression—that the arts were an object of official concern but remained nobody's business—was as much due to the manner as to the matter of the enquiry. With Dr. Abrams's programme on racial friction in England—'Black and White'—the same technique was employed to much better effect. To get the temperature of local feelings we had to hear the isolated voices in the streets. They came through strong with rancour, tolerance, ignorance, or cordiality, and the pieces were fitted together into an organic whole.

Now back to Thurber, who transformed the customary procedure of 'Frankly Speaking' into a game of hare-and-hounds: here was a shy, authentic soloist of rare quality. No quarry could have been kinder to his pursuers or more difficult to corner. Far from ignoring questions, he simply ran away with them. Again and again he was back in his forme, while Honor Tracy, Michael Ayrtton, and Stephen Potter were, one suspected, still tail-chasing round the last mulberry bush but one. And the mythopoetic faculty of the comic creator was all the time at work.

For this speaker it seemed as if life itself was an incredible, possibly sinister, but quite engaging myth.

Lastly, there was the ritual myth of the king-wren, hunted on St. Stephen's Day by Manx or Irish boys to the strains of whistle and goat-skin drum. Leslie Daiken's programme on this theme ('On the Feast of Stephen', produced by David Thomson) avoided all the many pitfalls that attend this kind of subject. It could so easily have been made into a tight little thesis, with tailor-made illustrations. But, notwithstanding a quotation from *The Golden Bough*, it kept off the beaten path, and ignored neither the life nor the complexity of its subject. The totemistic unity of the rite came out from under all the local accretions—lively and odd in themselves—without being underlined. You could draw your own conclusions, or just sit back and listen to the rich variety of voices, from Seamus Kavanagh to the Manxmen.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Ring Out the Old... Ring In the New

FOR A DOZEN YEARS, a baker's dozen at that, I have occupied this seat at the critical hearth, and made, week by week, my 'independent comment' on the music broadcast in the B.B.C.'s programmes. Totting it up, I make out that I must have written nearly half a million words. Enough, more than enough! So, as the old year ends, I leave my place and turn my pen to other uses.

On such an occasion one may crave indulgence for a little retrospection and even self-explanation. I have intentionally quoted the words 'independent comment' from the heading on a previous page. For the fact that this paper bears the imprint of the Corporation has sometimes led readers to imagine that we, the 'critics on the hearth', are in some way mouthpieces of the B.B.C.—though a perusal of some of our remarks should surely correct such a misconception of our function!

The criticism of broadcast music is not such a simple business as might appear from a superficial view. 'Very nice', it may be said, 'you just sit at home, switch on the wireless, make a few notes perhaps, and then write them up at the end of the week'. But listening to music *in vacuo*, without anything—the sight of the orchestra on the platform or the singers on the stage—to focus and hold the attention, requires a great effort of concentration. Even in a concert-hall, it is all too easy for the attention to wander; how much more so when seated at home with all the incidental distractions—the telephone-bell, the Christmas carollers at the door, the gentleman or lady 'from Porlock'—to which one is subject! And how difficult, too, it usually is, when anything has gone wrong, to be sure what exactly has gone wrong and why, when one cannot see who was at fault and when, moreover, all the sound has been gathered on to a single point and then dispersed again from the loudspeaker, so that there is an inevitable flatness and lack of perspective! If and when stereophonic broadcasting, to which, for lack of a television set, I have been unable to attend, becomes general, it will no doubt give us that depth and sense of the presence of the players that is at present lacking, and so will enable us to judge more precisely what is happening in the details of performance. The new stereophonic process of recording certainly marks an immense improvement in this direction.

The years during which I have contributed to this column have seen great advances both in broadcasting technique and in the range of the musical programmes and also (I hate to mention it in this context) a regrettable recession in the past twelve months. At the beginning of 1946

there was no Third Programme and broadcasting was just recovering its balance after the disturbance of the war years. There was also (think of it!) no television to drain the life-blood of sound broadcasting. So I can claim to have presided in this chair at the richest feast of music-making this country, or perhaps any other, has ever heard, that golden decade of sound-broadcasting, 1946-56.

There have been signs in recent weeks of a change—I will not say a reversal of policy, for great corporations never go into reverse—of heart at Broadcasting House on the question of the Third Programme, our chief source of serious music. Its programme-time has been lengthened on Saturdays, and on three evenings during Christmas week it was allowed its old period of five hours, while what seems to me an

unacknowledged extension of its activities has been made in the Home Service late at night. But, no doubt for reasons of economy, far too much recourse is had nowadays to commercial recordings, and the Home Service in general has conspicuously lowered its musical standards.

Still, if the musical programmes are not what they were ten years ago, they still provide an extraordinarily wide range of interest appealing to every taste from the musicological to the sentimental. It is, therefore, with mixed feelings that I give up my critical listening—with pleasure at not having to spend so much time listening to programmes that are of little interest or badly performed and which in the end there is no space to mention, just in case one misses something that ought to be discussed; with relief at the prospect of Sunday mornings freed from

the hebdomadal wrestling-bout with that most intransigent of opponents, the English language; and yet with regret, for those bouts exercise and exhilarate the mind. I have not always won, as letters from pained or angry readers bear witness when they show a misunderstanding of what I was trying to say. For it is a writer's first duty to make his meaning plain. Whatever my misjudgments of music or its performance, I hope I have not too often failed in that. . . . And now as you read it at your breakfast-table and I listen (I hope) to the matin-bells of Rome, I fade from this page, wishing you, gentle reader, a most Happy New Year.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

[Next week Mr. Scott Goddard will take over from Mr. Dyneley Hussey]

Handel and the Duke of Chandos

By SCOTT GODDARD

The first of a series of programmes including Chandos Anthems will be broadcast at 8.20 p.m. on Tuesday, January 6 (Third Programme)

HANDEL was organist of this Church from the year 1718-1721, and composed the oratorio of *Esther* on this organ' (inscription in the church at Whitchurch near Edgware).

'In the churchyard is the grave of Wm. Powell (d. 1780), the original "Harmonious Blacksmith"—Canons Park, to the N.W., now cut up into building lots . . . ' (Muirhead's *London*, fourth edition 1935).

Handel was a powerful magnet for legends and the Fates continued to foster them, well on into the shades: a posthumous vitality that suggests the persistence of an unusually strong personality. All that can be said of them, these tales—of a harpsichord smuggled into an attic in a house in Halle, of music for the Duke of Chandos being composed on an organ at nearby Whitchurch—is that some are more improbable than others.

Handel must surely have heard a good few of them; at least one hopes he did, for he had a pawky sense of humour. If in fact he ever did get hold of these bits of gossip one can guess how he felt about it all. He was a delightfully secretive man when it came to things he wished to keep to himself. 'What I have for breakfast is my own business', said Vaughan Williams to a reporter and at that moment he, in more than one sense Handelian, takes one back to Handel's time and recalls Handel's forthright manner. If rumours of these stories did reach him, one may imagine him grinning quietly, saying nothing either way, just letting the rumour run, sitting back and watching the play of fibbing scandal as though he were one of the audience at one of his own operas at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket.

Long before middle age he had learned in a fairly hard school how nasty life could turn for anyone who was slow to grow a third skin over his inner being and still wore heart on sleeve. By the time he got to Canons he had seen and experienced enough of that cruel exposure of a soul and he was wary. Thus he kept an inner core of privacy to shelter his unuttered thoughts and aspirations, those essential matters that were not to be put into speech but into music that would hide from the ignorant as much as it revealed to the initiated. Behind the exquisite calm Palladian façade of Handel's music—the Concerti Grossi offer a particularly striking instance—there exists his profound spiritual thought, to be discovered by anyone who can find the clue. Handel proffered no more help

than the notes on the printed page, a medium notoriously dumb. If people found what was never there, so much the worse for them; he could do nothing about that, as he could do nothing about the Harmonious Blacksmith at Edgware or the organ at Whitchurch, where in fact he never was organist.

He came to Canons in late 1719 or early in the next year, to be domestic musician and composer-in-residence to James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos, who had built an Italianate palace there and, in imitation of the German princelings (who imitated the Sun King at Versailles), would naturally have his own *Kapellmeister*. Brydges had got to himself a vast fortune when Paymaster to the army—got it, according to Swift, by fraud; and being forced (it is said) to retire, satisfied his love of ostentation by building Canons on a vast scale. He had to have the best. There were three Duchesses and it is in his favour that he chose one, the second, called Cassandra. He had two directors of music. Pepusch was called Master of the Music. Handel was composer for the private chapel and as occasion further demanded. It was in his private chapel at Canons and not at Whitchurch that Handel was organist. When Canons was dismantled and the house pulled down, Handel's organ was sold in 1747 to Trinity Church, Gosport.

Handel's duties at Canons were those of the ordinary German *Kapellmeister*, the provision of music for church services and secular entertainments as ordered by his employer. What Handel provided was the set of twelve Chandos Anthems, the Chandos *Te Deum*, the masque *Esther* which was to have extraordinary fame later as the begetter of the long line of Handel's oratorios, and the enchanting *Acis and Galatea*. It was while he was working at Canons that Handel brought out the *Suite de Pièces pour le Clavecin* (1720) which contained the air and variations now known as *The Harmonious Blacksmith*. This was a typically Handelian legend; it was propagated about a century later when a young music-shop keeper in Bath who had been a blacksmith's apprentice was heard continually singing Handel's air. He became known as the Harmonious Blacksmith and so fathered his nickname on to the tune. Credulity could, it might be thought, go no further. It did. After a letter to *The Times* in 1835, a supposititious blacksmith was discovered, invented that is, and eventually his anvil was sold by auction. Of all the legends of Handel this was

the most diverting and probably the most lucrative.

The Twelve Chandos Anthems form the larger part of the music that Handel wrote specifically for use in the Anglican church services of the day. The fact that this music was written either for the court or for the hardly less imposing surroundings of the country residence of the Duke of Chandos accounts for its general air of ceremonial splendour. It is also a reason for its eventual disappearance from the normal service of the Church. The form of church service for which it was designed was of a special nature. The means it demanded in instrumental and choral forces was such as could only be expected of a royal occasion in the Abbey where to this day *Zadok the Priest* is heard, as it first was, at a Coronation, or in St. Paul's where the Utrecht *Te Deum* was first performed in 1713, four years before Handel took up his duties at Canons, or in the Duke's chapel there, where orchestra and organ, chorus and soloists were to hand. But the day-to-day service of the Church could not regularly need such exotic musical material, nor can it do so today. For the same reason that Purcell's noble church music fell into disuse, so did Handel's until the modern orchestral and choral concert and its equivalent, the broadcast under studio conditions, began to bring it once more into circulation.

It is Henry Purcell's music, not its style but its formal, as it were its architectural, build that comes perpetually to mind while we listen to the great ceremonial church music of Handel. That Handel had studied Purcell cannot be doubted and the evidence is particularly strong here. It resides in the cantata-like lay-out of the Anthems and in the rich instrumental music that supports (one may hardly say accompanies) the voices and provides most strikingly the overtures in the French style which in Handel's imagination take on such compelling dignity in the slow introduction and vivacity in the succeeding quick movement. The general plan of the Anthems with their elaborate orchestral embellishments owes much to Purcell and, as Professor Dent rightly pointed out, to Alessandro Scarlatti. Incidentally devotional, the Chandos Anthems and *Te Deum* are inherently the music of display, their structure as imposing as the architecture of Vanbrugh, their style perfectly adapted to the stateliness of a great house, and appropriate to the type of religious observance that would naturally obtain in such surroundings.



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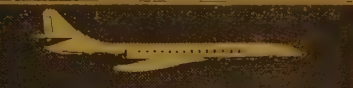
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Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By **TERENCE REESE** and **HAROLD FRANKLIN**

Question 1

(from Mrs. M. Goetz, of Lancaster Terrace, London, W.2)

I was interested in this hand from the Masters Individual tournament because several different bids were made by the South players over One Heart. The bidding had gone:

South	West	North	East
1C	No	1H	No
?			

South held:

♠ K 10 ♥ A Q 5 ♦ 7 3 ♣ A Q J 7 4 2

Among the bids I heard were Two Hearts, Three Hearts, and Three Clubs. Which would you say was right?

Answer by Terence Reese

The hand is good for Two Hearts; weak for Three Hearts; and the disadvantage of Three Clubs is that, should partner then bid Three No Trumps, South will not know whether or not to take out into Four Hearts. That is why the field was divided. For my part, I do not believe in making heavy weather of a bid of this sort—of tying myself in knots because the right value bid may lead to a tricky decision in the event of one particular reply. The hand is worth Three Clubs—just that.

Question 2

(from Mr. F. E. Myrans, Quai des Recollets, Gand, Belgium)

The following pair of hands, dealer West, were discussed in a bridge magazine recently,

but no one suggested a reasonable sequence whereby the slam could be reached.

WEST	EAST
♠ Q	♠ A K J 6
♥ J 10 8	♥ A 9 5 3 2
♦ K Q 10 9 4 3	♦ J
♣ A K 8	♣ Q 5 2

Do you think the slam is impossible to bid?

Answer by Harold Franklin

No, but it requires good judgment. After One Diamond—One Heart, West's natural and best rebid is Three Diamonds. East bids Three Spades and West Three No Trumps. Now East should appreciate that, opposite a jump rebid, his diamond Jack is more than useful support: he should show Four Diamonds. If West now makes a cue bid of Five Clubs East can go to Six Diamonds; if West bids simply Five Diamonds over Four, East may still go on.

Question 3

(from Lt.-Col. J. Scott, Carlisle Mansions, S.W.1)

May I ask you about an answer given in one of the Bridge Forum programmes in Network Three? After West One Heart, North Two Diamonds, East had to respond on:

♠ J 10 7 2 ♥ K J ♦ A 5 ♣ J 8 6 5 2

You suggested Two Hearts. That seems unhelpful to me: why not Two No Trumps, with 10 points, support for partner, and every suit held?

Answer by Terence Reese

In terms of points, East is slightly under strength for Two No Trumps. Moreover, he has but a singleton guard in the enemy suit: his Ace, as an Ace, will not pull its normal weight. Finally, the holding of a doubleton K J in partner's suit may lead to entry difficulties. Thus, Two No Trumps is by no means attractive; no bid is ideal, but Two Hearts, a free raise, is better than the rest.

Question 4

(from Mr. L. Kaplan, Lime Street, Liverpool)

We had a proper argument about a bid in our Club and finally agreed to ask you to settle it. Love all, at rubber bridge, after two passes South held:

♠ 5 ♥ A K Q 7 4 2 ♦ Q J 10 6 3 ♣ 7

He opened Four Hearts, was doubled, and lost 700. Do you think it was such a bad bid?

Answer by Harold Franklin

Not at all—I would make it every time, and so would most rubber bridge experts whom I know. The chance of a slam, after partner has passed, is slight. On the other hand, you may land Four Hearts with very little opposite, and the great advantage of the bid is that it will prevent a competitive auction. If, once in a while, it turns out badly, that will not change my view.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to The Editor, THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, the envelope marked 'Bridge Forum']

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Playing card commemorating Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 and one—much sought after by collectors—issued in 1955 to commemorate Sir Winston Churchill's eightieth birthday



ingenuity and the artistic expression of the card designer, and the Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing Cards has brought out almost every year since 1882 a commemorative pack. In 1897 it was a pink-and-gold souvenir of Queen Victoria's jubilee; in 1912 the discovery of the South Pole; victory cards in 1919 and 1945. Many fine deeds are commemorated: for instance, the flight over Everest in 1933, a map of Malta and a George Cross for 1942. When Sir Winston Churchill received the freedom of the City of London in 1943 the scene was recorded on one of the few packs of cards printed during the war. In 1955 he again appeared, and this, card connoisseurs think, is one of the finest of all these extremely rare packs.

—from a talk by ANGUS McDERMID in 'The Eye-Witness'

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ONE STAMP WILL DO

Trends in Modern Cooking Equipment

By LOUISE DAVIES

YOU can now buy electric deep-fat fryers which are thermostatically controlled. As these fryers have their own element they do not stand on the stove over a naked light, so there is no danger of fire should you happen to be careless enough to allow the oil to splash over. Another point about the deep fryers of the future (or, on some makes, the present): there is no need to strain the oil off or wash up after each frying session. On some machines all you do is switch on when you want to fry, switch off and leave it when you have finished, wiping round the edge when the pan is cool. This is because the electric heating element is so placed that any particles which drop off the frying food sink to the bottom of the oil, and stay there at a cooler temperature, so that they do not burn or cause the oil to deteriorate. They stay there till you strain them off—which you may have to do only after using the frying pan about twenty times.

In shallow-fat frying, modern methods assure a non-stick surface in the form of silicone coating. In some pans it is put on during manufacture: it will wear off eventually but by then the pan will be sufficiently tempered. But there are other manufacturers who make a feature of this coating because it is intended to be permanent, and you are recommended to have the pan re-siliconed if necessary. With care it should not be necessary for a long time. This type of frying pan can generally be used on gas, electric or any other stoves. The silicone coating, I was assured by one manufacturer, is non-toxic. Silconing really does prevent the food

from sticking. You do not have to put fat in the pan if the food already contains fat. Obviously you must add fat to eggs, tomatoes, bread, and similar un-fatty foods.

You must be careful with these modern types of pans. You must not overheat them so that the food burns on. In fact, one manufacturer recommends using half your normal cooking heat, plus an asbestos mat to spread this heat evenly. Then you must not scratch the pans badly. Do not clean with steel wool but just swish round immediately after use in warm, lathery water, then rinse and dry.

The modern spit is controlled with the flick of a switch, an automatic thermostat, and a built-in timer. Some models have a detachable grid to clamp down on chops, sausages, and steaks so that these too can be rotated. Other foods to revolve include chickens and the Sunday joint—provided it is boned and rolled. Any of these can be rotated under the top element, so that oil or butter trickles round, the outside becomes evenly, temptingly browned, and there is no bother of basting. It produces the most succulent meat and poultry I have ever tasted. They take about the same time, or very often less time, to cook as in the normal oven, but the spit is far more economical to run; and much easier to clean.

Another trend in modern cookery is the increasingly popular one of having portable appliances. Now all you need is a power point to be completely independent of any kitchen. For none of these appliances goes on a cooking stove. The equipment so far on the market includes

electric frying pans, cooker fryers, and pressure cookers. The electric frying pans are more than just frying pans: they can braise, stew, boil, make casseroles, puddings, and cakes.

—Network Three

Notes on Contributors

H. G. NICHOLAS (page 3): Reader in the Comparative Study of Institutions at Oxford and Fellow of New College; author of *The British General Election, 1950*, and *To The Hustings*.
G. F. HUDSON (page 5): Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford; author of *The Far East in World Politics*; *Turkey, Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean*, *Questions of East and West*, and other books.

MICHAEL SHANKS (page 6): industrial editor of *The Financial Times*.

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SIR JOHN NEALE (page 15): Astor Professor of English History at London University 1927-1956; author of *Queen Elizabeth*, *The Elizabethan House of Commons*, *Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments 1559-1581*, and *1584-1601*, and other books.

J. M. COOK (page 17): Professor of Ancient History and Classical Archaeology in the University of Bristol.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN (page 19): Irish writer and journalist; author of *Midsummer Night Madness*, *King of the Beggars*, *De Valera*, *The Short Story (1948)*, *South to Sicily*, *The Vanishing Hero*, and other books.

Crossword No. 1,492.

Parts of Speech.

By ffancy

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 8. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

The clues all lead to intermediate words, fourteen of which are to be regarded as adjectives, seven as adverbs, fifteen as nouns and twenty as verbs. These words are to be replaced in the diagram byagrams, antonyms, homophones, or synonyms, according to which part of speech they are. The correlation is to be deduced by the solver. Most of the intermediate words could be more than one part of speech for the purpose of the correlation, so the choice is necessarily arbitrary. The wording of the clues, however, in most cases gives an indication of which alternative has been chosen.

The unchecked letters in the diagram may be rearranged as: DR. MARKS SPREADS MADDER STRENGTH.



CLUES—ACROSS

1. Pipe has snot all mixed up with it. How contrary!
6. Conspiration sets the M.O. back
11. It's safer without Bob, but there's still occasion for alarm
12. Quiet! There's a German one in there!
- 14R. You have in the Bible such astounding revelations
16. Once produced a sawn-off gun
17. Utterance of a ne'er-do-well in the nursery
18. Makes Roy wild in an awfully long-winded way
20. Had tea, perhaps
21. Inter-war Republican defines fault to a T
23. Sported by undergraduate workers
24. Singularly vulgar course sets one even further back
26. Used to be backward in Latin, but very helpful with some weighty calculations
- 27R. Nothing but a whole succession of serious lies from start to finish
30. May be used for making one's approach and pressing one's suit
33. The primitive instincts at the heart of ostentation
36. I must leave the oriental charmer for a while
37. Exist in the Near East
- 38R. Hardly ever exist in curtailed transport service
41. Decent, quiet decoy
42. Most of Bedfordshire town is not to be relied on
- 44R. Where young Green put the cat
45. Often apparent in the Irish
46. Apply aromatic oil in the Southern Ardennes
47. The better sort of hens are only slightly put out by a killer
48. Early proponent of the Welfare State
49. Veterans right at the heart of the last conflict, without weapons and untutored
50. 'Carry on', and in the end you'll only have got in a temper

DOWN

1. Model: lacking composure? Hardly ever!
2. At the end of four months yielded to a consuming desire to scold
3. 'Non-U', vague, unreliable, but was at least generous

4. Dry, withered and ruined spikes of corn
5. Came first in Latin, English and Divinity
6. What makes side opt to be so awkwardly disposed?
7. Is smoking so predominant among Mediterranean people?
8. Has regrets about quiet, so engages in frantic activity
9. Well set-up or, on the contrary, broken-down
10. Sentence served by sycophants
12. If skull contains the right ingredients, its owner might be this
13. Serge proves to be extremely satisfactory
15. Adipose, badly built guide easily becomes weary
19. The higher it is, the more satisfying it is, as a rule
22. Your spy's unloved and all confused—ever so sweet, really!
25. Always to be found in a museum, or nearly always—the blunt head of a jousting-lance
26. Tried a formula for getting soaked
28. Putting on airs, these men rush around in a circle
29. In this life you will find the required answer
31. This one's obvious!—a carbon glass-annealing oven
- 32R. Reels drunkenly, making nasty faces
- 34R. It's a virtue to do so gracefully
35. Rapid unravelling of fibre
36. Old-fashioned bonnet edged with tin symbol gets talked about
39. Intelligent present to be seen in royalty
40. Used for burning obsolete bank
- 41R. Feel rather queer in this part of Hampshire—quite inert, in fact
43. Speech which is largely just the reverse of silver!

Solution of No. 1,490

REFGNOPS SBELTAC
E E L T R E C L R
DEWPOND DANLENO
N G R A T E V E
ALAS EVERGREENS
E W T O B O U N U
LUSCIOUS HASTES
N H O S I E Y
H A V E R M I S T A K E N
E U P O U N S I E
W E I R L A N K E T S N A O
I H E E C H A L L
T R O M A L A K U L E L E
C R S S I R R S C
H O S I E R Y E T A T S E T

No correct solution has been received but consolation prizes of 21s. have been awarded to T. H. East (Greenford) and A. J. Hughes (Sutton Coldfield).

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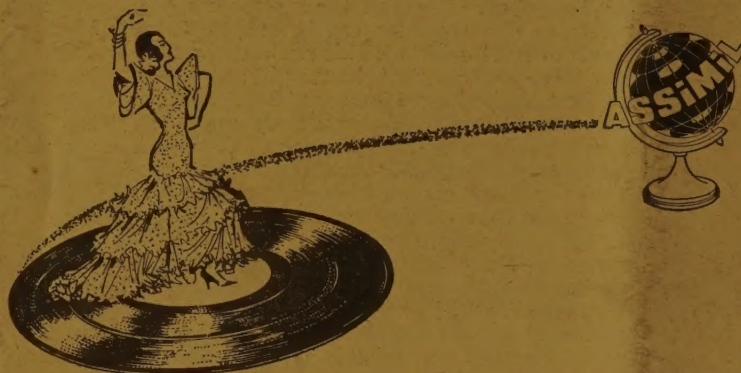
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